THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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WHOLE NO. 1021.

Original Communications.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

To Annette.

"[illegible]."
[illegible] Lines.

It was at wedding time, Annette,
Long, long ago!
That you and I as strangers met,
At first, you know—
You were a bridesmaid, what was I?
Can you forget?
Ah! how at times you used to sigh,
Annette, Annette!

I loved to let, amid thy hair,
My fingers stray,—
Its golden tresses seemed more fair
Than sunlit day—
In vain you'd chide, and chide again;
At every threat
I'd kiss your cheek, and then—what then?
Annette, Annette!

And oft' when I would sport and dance
With others there,
That soft, entreating, mournful glance,
I could not bear.
But if I teased thee 'till thine eye
With tears grew wet,
Would I not kiss them off and sigh?
Annette, Annette!

You had an eye so softly blue,
So dewy bright,
Its very look would thrill me through
Like starry night,—
But when, your head upon my breast,
Our hushed lips met,—
Oh! can that deep glance be exprest?
Annette! Annette!

And then your heart would flutter, love,
A frightened bird;
And long we'd sit, nor think, nor move,
Nor breathe a word.
The rapture of those witching hours
Can we forget?
Ah! was there ever love like ours?
Annette! Annette! C.

Philadelphia, Feb. 13, 1841.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

Niagara.

A Story of Fashionable Life.

BY T. HAMILTON.

Sly. "When will the fool come again?"
Sim. "Anon, my lord!"—*Taming of the Shrew.*

"Well, I do say," said a pursy elderly gentleman, puffing and blowing as he mounted the steps at Niagara, "if this is what they call travelling, then I'd sooner stay at home. Here's my wife and three daughters, have been plaguing the life out of me these two years to come to Niagara, and now when we're here, they can't stay quietly at the hotel, but must be dragging me about, to see this, and to see that, 'till I'm almost worked to death," and pausing upon the landing, he wiped his heated face with his handkerchief, looking down the hill at his spouse and her three daughters, toiling unaided up from below.

"Oh! pa," said his youngest child, as she reached the landing, "why did you leave us to climb up that long flight of steps alone. I'm almost tired out, and I'm sure ma looks quite faint."

"Can't help it—people that will go travelling must expect to get tired," said Mr. Bowen snappishly, wiping his face as assiduously as ever.

"Oh!—my—dear—John," gasped his partner, as she in turn arrived at the landing, "lend me your arm, or—I—shall die."

"Die at this place ma'am! Die at Niagara! Die after spending five hundred dollars!"

"Pray, Miss Ellen," said a young man, who met the group on his descent at this moment, "let me assist you up—recollect how often I have been down—will you accept my arm?"

The beautiful girl blushed—for Ellen Bowen was really beautiful—and perceiving that her father had at length undertaken to assist her mother, she took the proffered aid of Edward Seymour, her elder sisters meanwhile finding beaux, in the two companions of the young lawyer.

"It is a trite question, Miss Bowen," said Seymour, "but I cannot resist asking you how you like the falls—do they equal your expectations?"

The young barrister would scarcely have put such a question to Ellen's parents, or to either of her sisters, but, in the little conversation he had enjoyed with her, since the arrival of the Bowens at the falls, he had perceived in her remarks the evidence of a refined, and highly imaginative mind.

"Oh! yes! they far surpass my expectations," said Ellen, coloring the next breath, at her own enthusiasm. "There is a sublimity about them I cannot describe: they create an awe which deprives one of words. I could *feel* their grandeur and their majesty forever, but I could never give expression to the sentiments they create in one's bosom."

"You are right. They fill one, like eternity, with unutterable awe. They kindle up all the poetry of one's heart, but they overpower one at the same time. For my part, were I a poet, I could look at Niagara forever, but yet would always find it impossible to write upon it."

"And why?"

"Because I could never satisfy myself with what I had written. Nothing but inspiration," said Seymour, enthusiastically, "could do justice to so sublime a wonder."

"That agrees with what I have been thinking the whole morning. I used to admire one or two pieces written on Niagara, but since I have seen the falls, they all appear tame."

"And well may they; for next to the presence of the great I AM himself, what is so awful as this eternal cataract? Think only for what countless ages it has thundered its hallelujah! How many races have gazed and died beside it since it first hurled its ocean of waters into the abyss below, shaking the earth, and filling Heaven with its might; and yet it still pours forth its eternal incense, fit companion for the cherubims who continually shout beside the throne of God!"

There was something in such rapt expressions which found an echo in Ellen's bosom; and as she looked into the kindling eye of the speaker, she experienced an emotion as yet unknown to her heart.

Their conversation, however, was brought to an end by the arrival of the party at the hotel, where the gentlemen and ladies separated to dress for dinner.

There was to be a ball that evening, and consequently the ladies generally retired to their rooms immediately after the meal. Ellen saw nothing therefore of Seymour, though she longed to renew the conversation of the morning.

The ball-room was crowded to excess,—for besides the regular boarders at the hotels, there were numerous guests from the families of the vicinity, as well as several British officers from the neighboring Canadian shore. Ellen's beauty attracted general admiration.

Among those who paid her the most marked attentions, and who in fact had done so since her arrival, were Edward Seymour, and Sir Theodore Phipps. The former had nothing to recommend him, but his talent and appearance; the latter had a train of servants, and drove splendid bays. Yet though envied the attentions of her titled admirer by all, Ellen would willingly have turned from his flattery to listen to the deep voice of Seymour, breathing the lofty aspirations, beneath which every chord of her heart trembled in sympathy. The baronet, however, was assiduous; he even forced himself upon Ellen despite her manifest repugnance to him; her mother, moreover, insisted again and again that she should dance another set with Sir Theodore; until at length Seymour, either blinded to the truth, or indignant at Mrs. Bowen's conduct, withdrew from Ellen's side, nor did he rejoin it during the rest of the evening.

The congratulations which were showered upon Ellen, by her mother and eldest sister, when they had all retired to their parlor after the ball, were nearly endless. Her second sister, Julia, however, having not yet lost all hope of an eligible match, was silent and sullen. At length she gave vent to her spleen.

"Really there is nothing to admire so much in Sir Theodore," said she, with a toss of the head, "to be sure he calls himself an English nobleman, but who knows that he is not an impostor?"

"An impostor," said Mrs. Bowen, "why Julia, how can you go on in such a way? You're envious, child, or you wouldn't talk so. No, Sir Theodore, is a real nobleman, and has his seat, I'll venture to say, in the House of Lords with the best of them. An impostor! fy—fy on you Julia."

The haughty daughter, however, only answered by a curl of her lip, as if in scorn of her mother's ignorance; but the eldest sister now took up the conversation.

"For my part," she said, "its clear Sir Theodore is serious; and I'm glad Ellen will form such an alliance. How it will pique the Misses de Sibra!"

"But, sister," said Ellen, for the first time uttering a word, "I am not yet married to this proud foolish Englishman. Nor do you," she added, fondly putting her arm round the neck of her mother, for with all her petty vanity, her parent had generally a kind heart, and Ellen loved her devotedly, "dear mamma wish me, I am sure, to marry him," and she kissed her mother's cheek.

Now, if Mrs. Bowen disliked anything, it was to be thwarted in her darling wish of elevating her daughters by marriage. How completely she was interested in the Baronet's success, the reader has seen from her conduct at the ball.—She replied, therefore, with unusual harshness.

"You astonish me, child—you do. What! not marry a nobleman! There now, you needn't fondle on me, for I saw who *you* was making love to to-night—"

"Mamma, dear mamma!" said Ellen imploringly, and then burst into tears.

"Well, I do say!" ejaculated the eldest sister.

"Who ever saw the like?" responded the second one, forgetting her pique in the revenge she was thus enabled to take on Ellen.

"Oh! it won't do for you to cry," said her mother, thus countenanced by the elder sisters, and steeled on this occasion to her daughter's feelings, "for I've seen it all, and know best what's good for you. Yes!" she added, warming into a passion as she proceeded, "marry Sir Theodore you shall, and that too instantly—"

"But Sir Theodore has not yet even proposed," said Mr. Bowen, appearing suddenly to awake from the doze in which he had been seemingly indulging himself, as he lay extended upon the sofa, "and I don't see the use of worrying Elly until he does so. Mind daughter," said he, shaking his head reprovingly at the imploring, yet thankful look of the poor girl, "I don't mean to say your mother won't be right if Sir Theodore should propose, for though I don't, like a true American, care a sumarchee for a Baronet, as a son-in-law, and though I know every Englishman to be a haughty fool, ahem! yet money isn't to be laughed at when it comes in heaps, and a guinea is at any time better to live upon than love. But we've talked the matter over enough to-night, and you've almost worried me into a fit of the gout. If I'd staid at home now, like a sensible man, we'd none of us have had any of this fuss. But people that will travel must expect to get into trouble."

This decided expression of opinion silenced the group. Ellen was grateful; the sisters were sullen; and Mrs. Bowen flung herself out of the room. But the pillow of our heroine, was, that night, wet with some of the bitterest tears she had ever shed.

The next day, on descending to the breakfast room, the first person that met the eye of Ellen, was Seymour, conversing gaily with one of the prettiest girls of the company, who had been his partner during the latter part of the preceding evening. He bowed with some haughtiness to Ellen, and continued his conversation without interruption. Poor Ellen felt a strange pang shoot through her heart, at the coldness of the only one of the company for whose esteem she had cared. But, returning the salutation with equal pride, she moved to a neighboring seat, and was soon, to all appearance, deeply engaged in conversation with several gentlemen, who, the instant she made her appearance, crowded around her.

An excursion had been planned that day, for the purpose of visiting a point some miles below the falls, from which they might be seen to peculiar advantage, and both Seymour, and Sir Theodore, signified their intention of joining the party.

It was a beautiful day, and the whole landscape was smiling beneath an unclouded sun, as the party pursued its way to the point of destination. Mounted on horseback Sir Theodore constantly maintained his place by the side of Ellen, attempting to amuse her by his conversation, made up of pretended descriptions of noble life, and stale anecdotes without point. Hurt as she felt at Seymour, she could not avoid contrasting him favorably with her assiduous suitor, nor prevent herself from glancing involuntarily, now and then, in the direction of the young lawyer, who was riding, in the midst of a gay party, of which he appeared to be the life. Perhaps the pang that shot through her bosom at his avoidance of her society, did more towards acquainting her with her own feelings, than a month of the usual intercourse of visitors at the Falls would have done.

At length the party arrived at the end of their journey, and after viewing the Falls, dispersed themselves into groups, and sauntered about preparatory to returning. Ellen was soon surrounded by a numerous suite of gentlemen, for she was unquestionably the belle of the party. But still Seymour avoided her group, except occasionally. He seemed to be chained to the side of the beautiful Bostonian, to whom he had been so assiduous on the preceding evening, and who was evidently flattered—as who would not be?—at his attentions. Ellen felt again that pang at her bosom, but suppressing her emotion by such an effort as woman only can command, she launched out into the gayest conversation, nor was it long before she had enchained those suitors by her wit, whom, at first, she had attracted by her beauty. Yet even then she could not regard her titled admirer with any sentiment except disgust. She knew that, but for him, Seymour would now be at her side. But she could not avoid reproaching him for deserting her, when neither by word nor action had she herself slighted him, whatever others might have done.

What a strange thing is the heart! It suffers itself often to become inextricably involved in the meshes of that master passion, LOVE, long before it discovers to its owner how utterly its liberty is gone. And then, when the victim would endeavor to regain its freedom, how subtilly, and slowly, and surely it resists every attempt, and perhaps ultimately triumphs. Nothing can be more profound than the deception it often practises upon its victims. It suffers them to love, yet persuades them they are still free. A word, a look, a gesture will be treasured up in the memory, and this too will continue, day by day, and week by week, and yet the victim is made to believe that there is nothing in it but friendship, until some sudden remark, some unexpected train of events, brings on the denouement, and the victim discovers at once its deception, and its love.

Meantime, the party had set forth in its return, and Ellen was again surrounded by a troop of admirers on horseback. Seymour still, however, kept aloof, until an incident occurred, which, in a few rapid moments, altered the whole face of events.

The party had not proceeded far, when they passed near some workmen engaged in quarrying stone, and just as Ellen and her group approached, an explosion took place in a dangerous proximity to the riders. The consequence was, for the moment, a general consternation. Several of the horses began to rear frightfully, and the one on which Ellen sat, after plunging for a few seconds, took the bit in his mouth, and darted furiously ahead.

The alarm now became universal, and the screams of the ladies, and the shouts of the male portion of the company only served to increase the speed of the frightened steed. Meantime none knew what to do. The terrified animal was careering toward the river's side, at that point terminating in an abrupt precipice, and though every one cried out to save her, none made the attempt. Ellen, however, still kept her seat firmly, though the imploring look that she cast backward upon the company betrayed her consciousness of her peril. But at this instant Seymour, who had been some distance behind, perceiving her danger, instead of calling to others as the rest were doing, gave spurs to his horse, and dashed in pursuit of Ellen.

For a few minutes the pace at which they went was tremendous. Nothing stayed their progress. Now crashing among the forest trees, and now leaping over seemingly impassable barriers they soon gained the precipitous banks of the river. They were yet within a few paces of it when Seymour, perceiving the imminency of Ellen's danger, shouted,

"To the right!—to the right!"

Almost mechanically the fair girl made a sudden jerk at the reins, and succeeded in partially altering the course of the affrighted animal, so that instead of plunging over the precipice, he ran for a few paces almost parallel with, but in fearful proximity to it. The momentary delay of the crisis saved Ellen's life. A few feet further on the precipice took a turn, and the maddened animal was now galloping right on to the abyss; but before it could reach the edge, Seymour overtook Ellen, and with consummate dexterity, catching the rein of her steed, threw it, at a powerful effort, back on its haunches. The second of relief was enough for Ellen, with admirable presence of mind to spring from her seat. For an instant longer Seymour endeavored to restrain the frightened animal, but it plunged so dangerously, that his own steed, though under the most complete training, began to grow infected, and he was forced, from regard to his own safety, to let go the rein of the snorting steed. With one plunge it sprang forward, and almost as rapidly as the eye could follow it, went crashing over the precipice, falling a mangled mass of flesh and bones, upon the jagged rocks below.

Without pausing to look after the fate of the terrified animal, Seymour hastened to the relief of Ellen, who, although maintaining her presence of mind up to the moment of her rescue, had fainted away the very instant that she touched the ground. Throwing the bridle over his panting steed, her lover—for we must now call him such—raised her in his arms, and scarcely knowing what to do, threw off her bonnet, letting those rich, luxuriant curls, on which so often he had gazed in delight, fall in massy tresses upon the breeze. As he gazed on her inanimate face, and felt her form reposing in his arms, he could not longer restrain his long concealed passion, but kissing her snowy brow, he said,

"Ellen, dear Ellen—awake."

As if aroused by his impassioned words, the maiden slowly opened her eyes, and gazed a moment enquiringly around; but when she recognized, in the one who bent over her, the person of Edward Seymour, she blushed and would have risen, if her strength had not proved too little for the endeavor.

"Ellen—Miss Bowen—forgive me," said Seymour, perceiving her design, and fancying she resented his words.

"Forgive you!—oh! how can I sufficiently thank you?" eagerly said the artless girl. The words, the tone, but more than all, the look, filled the bosom of her lover with tumultuous joy. His voice was eager and hurried as he replied,

"You have nothing for which to thank me!" and perceiving that the color mounted into Ellen's cheek, and her bosom heaved, while her eyes fell to the ground, he continued, "I—I only ought to be grateful for having saved so pure a being as you." The eyes of Ellen still sought the ground, and her form trembled, as Seymour emboldened by her emotion, poured forth, in a few burning words, the tale of his love. And when he had done, and Ellen, unable from her agitation to reply, sank unresisting upon that bosom, to which she was so gently drawn, could any, even the most selfish and calculating, blame her for thus blessing so pure a suit as that of Edward Seymour.

But the *tete-a-tete* of the lovers was soon interrupted, by the arrival of the remainder of the company; and after a thousand felicitations on her escape, Ellen was provided with a seat in one of the carriages, and the whole party returned to the hotel.

"God be praised, my dear girl," said Mr. Bowen, clasping Ellen to his heart, and moved for a moment out of his usual cynical mode of expression, by the knowledge of her danger and escape, "you have had a narrow escape. But then people that will travel, must expect to get into scrapes."

The joy of the mother we will not relate.—With all her faults, Mr. Bowen loved her daughter ardently, and, for once, she was led by her gratitude to believe, that Edward Seymour might be as much of a gentleman, as Sir Theodore Phipps.

The very next day two sturdy looking men alighted at the door of the hotel, and, after making sundry enquiries after the pretended baronet, proceeded to arrest Sir Theodore, on his return from a ride, as a notorious forger, lately escaped from a southern penitentiary. He departed that night hand-cuffed, and under the charge of the two police officers.

The career of the *pseudo* baronet being thus cut short, even the sisters of Ellen began to look upon Seymour with more lenity, nor was this good feeling at all lessened, when an elderly gentleman appeared on the succeeding morning, who greeted Seymour as his nephew, and whom the keeper of the hotel recognized as the rich Judge Townsend of——county. Before noon it was whispered on his authority, that the apparently penniless lawyer was not only the heir of the new comer, but the possessor of a handsome fortune already. It was confirmed before evening by the intelligence that he had proposed for and been accepted by Ellen.

"Well," said Mr. Bowen on that occasion, "you say you concealed your wealth in order to be loved for yourself alone. All very good, very good, no doubt, especially for a novel; but confoundedly like nonsense, begging your pardon, my friend, in real life. Money is money, and men without it don't cut half such a figure as men with it. But every one to his taste. I owe you a thousand thanks for saving Ellen,—take her—and God bless you both."

"Well for my part," said Mrs. Bowen, when *tete a tete* with her husband, "its a capital match. You see now what we've gained by coming to Niagara. Its all through me Ellen's got so nicely fixed."

"Pshaw! you'd have married her to that rascal of a counterfeiter if he hadn't been found out, and a pretty business you'd have made of it. But people that will travel must expect to get into scrapes."

New York, Feb. 1841.

Melodia.

I met once, in my girlish hours,
A creature soft and warm—
Her cottage bonnet filled with flowers,
Hung swinging on her arm;
Her voice was sweet as the voice of love,
And her teeth were pure as pearls,
While her forehead lay like a snowy dove,
In a nest of nut-brown curls;
She was a thing unknown to fame—
Melodia was her strange sweet name

I never saw an eye so bright,
And yet so soft as here;
It sometimes ran in liquid light,
And sometimes swam in tears;
It seemed a beauty set apart
For softness and for sighs;
But oh! Melodia's melting heart
Was softer than her eyes;
For they were only formed to spread
The softness from her spirit shed

I've gazed on many a brighter face,
But ne'er on one for years
Where beauty left so soft a trace
As it had left on hers:
But who can paint the spell that wove
A brightness round the whole?
'Twould take an angel from above
To paint th' immortal soul—
To trace the light, the inborn grace,
The spirit sparkling o'er her face.

Her bosom was a soft retreat,
For love, and love alone,
And yet her heart had never beat
To love's delicious tone;
It dwelt within its circle free
From tender thoughts like these,
Waiting the little deity,
As the blossom waits the breeze,
Before it throws its leaves apart
And trembles like the love touched heart.

She was a creature strange as fair,
First mournful and then wild,
Now laughing on the clear bright air,
As merry as a child;
Then melting down as soft as even,
Beneath some new control,
She'd throw her hazle eyes to heaven,
And sing with all her soul,
In tones as rich as some young bird's,
Warbling her own delightful words.

Melodia! oh how soft thy darts!
How gentle and how sweet!
Thy song enchained a thousand hearts
And drew them to thy feet;
And as thy bright lips sung, they caught
So beautiful a ray,
That, as I gazed, I almost thought
The spirit of the lay
Had left, while melting on the air,
Its sweet expression painted there.

Sweet vision of that starry even!
Thy virgin beauty yet,
Next to the blessed hope of heaven,
Is in my spirit set;
It is a something shrined apart—
A light from memory shed,
To live until this tender heart
On which it lives is dead,
Reminding me of brighter hours,
Of summer eves and summer flowers.

AMELIA.

From the Mirror.

St. Valentine's Day.

Of Saint Valentine, so celebrated among young persons, little is known, except that he was a priest of Rome, and martyred there about the year two hundred and seventy.

It was a custom with the ancient Roman youth to draw the names of girls in honor of their goddess Februata-Juno on the fifteenth of February, in exchange for which certan Roman catholic pastors substituted the names of saints in billets given the day before, namely on the fourteenth of February.

Where can the postman be, I say?
He ought to fly—on such a day!
Of all days in the year, you know,
It's monstrous rude to be so slow;
The fellow's so exceeding stupid—
Hark!—there he is!—oh! the dear CUPID!

Two hundred thousand letters beyond the usual daily average annually pass through the two-penny post-office in London on St. Valentine's day.—"Two hundred thousand twopences," said an old gentleman as he read this in a March newspaper, "are four hundred thousand pence,"—and he was going to cast up the amount—"Why, papa," said his daughter, "that's just the number of young folks there must be in love with each other—that's the way to reckon." "Ah, my child, that's not the way to reckon; you have taken something into the *account* that has no *business* there: all valentine-writers are not in love, nor are all lovers valentine-writers; and remember, my dear girl, that as smiles on the face sometimes conceal cruel dispositions, so there are some who write Valentines, and trifle with hearts for the mere pleasure of inflicting pain. I will show you what I mean," said the old gentleman, and taking a paper from a drawer, he held up the exemplification of a *dog* playing with a lady's heart, which he had torn in several places.

Just then an unmarried gentleman, "*of a certain age*," entered the room. On becoming acquainted with the topic, he drew from his pocket a *small packet*, and said, with a merry smile, "Here was my valentine." It contained a rib of some small animal completely enveloped with white satin ribbon, ornamented by a true lover's knot at each end, and another in the middle.—Father and daughter both had a laugh at the "old bachelor," and he laughing with them, put into the young lady's hand the poetical address that accompanied his *rib*:

Go contemplate this lovely sign!
Haste thee away to reason's shrine
And listen to her voice;
No more illusive shades pursue,
To happiness this gives the clue,
Make but a prudent choice.

Till Adam had a partner given,
Much as fair Eden bloom'd like heaven,
His bliss was incomplete;
No social friend those joys to share,
Gave the gay scene a vacant air!
She came—'twas all replete.

And could not genuine Paradise
The most extensive wish suffice
Its guiltless lord possest?
No—not without a kindred mate;
How then in this degen'rate state,
Can man alone be blest?

But now the Muse withdraws her aid
Enough, thy folly to upbraid;
Enough to make thee wise
No more of pensive hours complain,
No more, that all life's joys are vain,
If thou this hint despise.

"Well now, this is capital!" exclaimed the laughing lass. "After *such* a valentine, you must take the hint, my dear sir; it's really a shame that so good-natured a man should remain a bachelor. I recollect, that when I could only just run about, you used to be so kind to me; besides how you dandled and played with me! and since then, how *you* have read to me and instructed me till I *grew up*! Such a man is the very man to be married; *you* are every way domestic, and it's *settled*; you must get married." "Well, then, will you have me?" he inquired, with a cheerful laugh. "*I* have you? No!—Why you are too old; but not too old to find a wife: there are many ladies whom we know, of your age, wholly disengaged; but you don't pay them any *particular* attention." Her father interposed; and the gentleman she addressed playfully said, "It is a little hard, indeed, that I should have these fine compliments and severe reproaches at the same time: however," taking *her* by the hand, "you will understand that it *is* possible I may have paid *particular* attention to a lady at an age when the affections are warmer; I did; and I reconciled myself to *rejection* by courting my books and the pleasures of solitude—

Hast thou been ever waking
From slumbers soft and light,
And heard sweet music breaking
The stillness of the night;

When all thy soul was blending
With that delightful strain,
And night her silence lending
To rivet fancy's chain:

Then on a sudden pausing,
Those strains have ceas'd to play
A painful absence causing
'til bliss that died away!

So from my soul has vanish'd
The dream of youthful days;
So Hope and Love are banish'd,
And *Truth* her pow'r displays.

The origin of so pleasant a day, the first pleasant day in the year, whether its season be regarded, or the mode of its celebration, requires some little investigation.

Attend we upon ELIA. Hark, how triumphantly that noble herald of the college of kindness proclaims the day!

"Hail to thy returning festival, old Bishop Valentine! Great is thy name in the rubric, thou venerable arch-flamen of hymen! Immortal go-between! who, and what manner of person art thou! Art thou but a name, typifying the restless principle which impels poor humans to seek perfection in union? or wert thou indeed a mortal prelate, with thy tippet and thy rochet, thy apron on, and decent lawn sleeves? Mysterious personage! like unto thee, assuredly, there is no other mitred father in the calendar.—Thou comest attended with thousands and ten thousands of little loves, and the air is

Brush'd with the hiss of rustling wings:

singing cupids are thy choristers and thy precentors; and instead of the crosier, the mystical arrow is borne before thee.

"In other words, this is the day on which those charming little missives, ycleped valentines, cross and intercross each other at every street and turning. The weary and all-for-spent two-penny postman sinks beneath a load of delicate embarrassments, not his own. It is scarcely credible to what an extent this ephemeral courtship is carried on in this loving town, to the great enrichment of porters, and detriment of knockers and bell-wires. In these little visual interpretations no emblem is so common as the *heart*,—that little three-cornered exponent of all our hopes and fears,—the be-stuck and bleeding heart; it is twisted and tortured into more allegories and affectations than an opera-hat. What authority we have in history or mythology for placing the head-quarters and metropolis of god cupid in this anatomical seat rather than in any other, is not very clear; but we have got it, and it will serve as well as any other thing. Else we might easily imagine, upon some other system which might have prevailed for any thing which our pathology knows to the contrary, a lover addressing his mistress, in perfect simplicity of feeling, 'Madam, my *liver* and fortune are entirely at your disposal;' or putting a delicate question, 'Amanda, have you a *midriff* to bestow?' But custom has settled these things, and awarded the seat of sentiment to the aforesaid triangle, while its less fortunate neighbors wait at animal and anatomical distance.

"Not many sounds in life, and I include all urban and all rural sounds, exceed in interest a *knock at the door*. It 'gives a very echo to the throne where hope is seated.' But its issues seldom answer to this oracle within. It is so seldom that just the person we want to see comes. But of all the clamorous visitations, the welcomest in expectation is the sound that ushers in, or seems to usher in, a valentine. As the raven himself was hoarse that announced the fatal entrance of Duncan, so the knock of the postman on this day is light, airy, confident, and befitting one that 'bringeth good tidings.' It is less mechanical than on other days; you will say, 'that is not the post, I am sure.' Visions of love, of cupids, of hymens, and all those delightful, eternal common-places, which 'having been, will always be;' which no school-boy nor school-man can write away; having their irremovable throne in the fancy and affections; what are your transports, when the happy maiden, opening with careful finger, careful not to break the emblematic seal, bursts upon the sight of some well-designed allegory, some type, some youthful fancy, not without verses—

Lovers all,
A madrigal,

or some such device, not over abundant in sense—young Love disclaims it,—and not quite silly—something between wind and water, a chorus where the sheep might almost join the shepherd, as they did, or as I apprehended they did, in Arcadia.

"All valentines are not foolish, and I shall not easily forget thine, my kind friend, (if I may have leave to call you so) E. B.—E. B. lived opposite a young maiden, whom he had often seen, unseen, from his parlor window in C——e street. She was all joyousness and innocence, and just of an age to enjoy receiving a valentine, and just of a temper to bear the disappointment of missing one with good humor. E. B. is an artist of no common powers; in the fancy parts of designing perhaps inferior to none; his name is known at the bottom of many of a well executed vignette in the way of his profession, but no farther; for E. B. is modest, and the world meets nobody half-way. E. B. meditated how he could repay this young maiden for many a favor which she had done him unknown; for, when a kindly face greets us, though but passing by, and never knows us again, nor we it, we should feel it as an obligation; and E. B. did. This good artist set himself at work to please the damsel. It was just before Valentine's day three years since. He wrought unseen, and unsuspected, a wondrous work. We need say it was not on the finest gilt paper with borders—full, not of common hearts and heartless allegory, but all the prettiest stories of love from Ovid, and older poets than Ovid (for E. B. is a scholar.) There was *Pyramus* and Thisbe, and be sure Dido was not forgot, nor Hero and Leander, and swans more than sang in Cayster, with mottoes and fanciful devices, such as beseemed,—a work, in short, of magic. Iris dipt the woof. This on Valentine's eve he commended to the all-swallowing indiscriminate orifice (O, ignoble trust!) of the common post; but the humble medium did its duty, and from his watchful stand, the next morning, he saw the cheerful messenger knock, and by-and-by the precious charge delivered. He saw, unseen, the happy girl unfold the valentine, dance about, clap her hands, as one after one the pretty emblems unfolded themselves. She danced about not with light love or foolish *expectations*, for she had no lover; or, if she had, none she knew that could have created those bright images which delighted *her*. It was more like some fairy present; a God-send, as our familiarly pious ancestors termed a benefit received, where the benefactor was unknown. It would do her no harm. It would do her good for ever after. It is good to love the unknown. I only give this as a specimen of E. B. and his modest way of doing a concealed kindness.

"Good morrow to my valentine, sings poor Ophelia; and no better wish, but with better auspices, we wish to all faithful lovers, who are not too wise to despise old legends, but are content to rank themselves humble diocesans with old Bishop Valentine and his true church."

Misson, a learned traveller, who died in England about 1741, describes the amusing practice of his time:—"On the eve of the fourteenth of February, the young folks in England and Scotland, by a very ancient custom, celebrate a little festival. An equal number of maids and bachelors get together, each writes their true or some feigned name upon separate billets, which they roll up, and draw by way of lots, the maids taking the men's billets, and the men the maids'; so that each of the young men lights upon a girl that he calls his valentine, and each of the girls upon a young man which she calls hers. By this means each has two valentines; but the man sticks faster to the valentines that is fallen to him, than to the valentine to whom he is fallen. Fortune having thus divided the company into so many couples, the valentines give balls and treats to their mistresses, wear their billets several days upon their bosoms or sleeves, and this little sport often ends in love. This ceremony is practised differently in different counties, and according to the freedom or severity of Madam Valentine. There is another kind of valentine, which is the first young man or woman that chance throws in your way in the street, or elsewhere, on that day."

In some places at this time, and more particularly in London, the lad's valentine is the first lass he sees in the morning, who is not an inmate of the house; the lass' valentine is the first youth she sees. Gay mentions this usage on St. Valentine's day; he makes a rustic housewife remind her good man—

I early rose just at the brake of day,
Before the sun had chased the stars away;
A field I went, amid the morning dew,
To milk my kine, (for so should housewives do.)
Thee first I spied, and the first swain we see,
In spite of Fortune, shall our *true-love* be

Shakspeare bears witness to the custom of looking for your valentine, or desiring to be one, through poor Ophelia's singing,

Good morrow! 'tis St. Valentine's day
All in the morning betime,
And I a maid at your window,
To be your valentine

Sylvanus Urban, in 1779, was informed by Kitty Curious, that on St. Valentine's day in that year, at a little obscure village in Kent, she found an odd kind of sport. The girls from five or six to eighteen years old were assembled in a crowd, burning an uncouth effigy, which they called a "holly boy," and which they had stolen from the boys; while in another part of the village the boys were burning what they called an "ivy girl," which they had stolen from the girls. The ceremony of each burning was accompanied by acclamations, huzzas, and other noise. Kitty inquired the meaning of this from the oldest people, but she could only learn that it had always been a sport at that season.

On this ancient festival, it *was formerly* the custom for men to make presents to the women. In Scotland these valentine gifts were reciprocal, as indeed they are still in some parts.

Hurdis calls this

The day Saunt Valentine,
When maids are brisk, and at the break of day
Start up and turn their pillows, curious all
To know what happy swain the fates provide
A mate for life. Then follows thick discharge
Of true-love knots and sonnets nicely penned.

St. Valentine is the lover's saint. Not that lovers have more superstition than other people, but their imaginings are more. As it is fabled that Orpheus "played so well he moved old Nick;" so it is true that love, "cruel tyrant," moves the veriest brute. Its influence renders the coarsest nature somewhat interesting. A being of this kind, so possessed, is almost as agreeable as a parish cage with an owl inside; you hear its melancholy too-whit too-whoo, and wonder how it got there. Its place of settlement becomes a place of sentiment; nobody can liberate the starveling, and it will stay there. Its moral notes seem so many calls for pity, which are much abated on the recollection that there are openings enough for its escape. The "tender passion" in the two-mile-an-hour Jehu of an eight-horse wagon puzzles him mightily. He "sighs and drives, sighs and drives, and drives and sighs again," till the approach of this festival enables him to buy "a valentine," with a "halter," and a "couple o' hearts" transfixed by an arrow in the form of a weathercock, inscribed,

"I'll be yours, if you'll be mine,
I am your pleasing Valentine."

St. Valentine, be it repeated, is the saint of all true lovers of every degree, and hence the letters missive to the fair, from wooers on this festival, bear his name. "Brand thinks "one of the most elegant *jeu-d'esprits* on this occasion," is one wherein an admirer reminds his mistress of the choice attributed by the legend to the choristers of the air on this day, and inquires of her—

Shall only you and I forbear
To meet and make a happy pair?
Shall we alone delay to live?
This day an age of bliss may give.

But, ah! when I the proffer make,
Still coyly you refuse to take;
My heart I dedicate in vain,
The too mean present you disdain.

Yet since the solemn time allows
To choose the object of our vows;
Boldly I dare profess my flame,
Proud to be yours by any name.

A better might have been selected from the "Magazine of Magazines," the "Gentleman's," wherein Mr. Urban has sometimes introduced the admirers of ladies to the admirers of antiquities—under which class ladies never come. Thence, ever and anon, as from some high barbican or watchtower old, "songs of loves and maids forsaken" have aroused the contemplation from "facts, fancies and recollections" regarding other times, to lovers "sighing like furnace" in our own. Through Sylvanus, nearly a century ago, there was poured this

INVOCATION OF ST. VALENTINE.

Haste, friendly *saint*! to my relief,
My heart is stol'n, help! stop the thief!
My rifled breast I search'd with care,
And found Eliza lurking there.

Away she started from my view,
Yet may be caught, *if* thou pursue;
Nor need I to describe her more—
The fairest, dearest maid alive!

Seize her—yet treat the nymph divine
With gentle usage, *Valentine*!
Then tell her, she, for what was done,
Must bring my heart, and give her own.

From Visits to Remarkable Places.

Stratford-on-Avon.

The Home of Shakspeare's First Love.

The country about Stratford is not romantic, but extremely pleasant. The town stands in a fine open valley. The Avon, a considerable stream, winds past it through pleasing meadows. The country is well cultivated, and the view of wooded uplands and more distant ranges of hills, gives spirit to the prospects. The town itself is a good, quiet, country town, of perhaps four or five thousand inhabitants. In Shakspeare's time it could be nothing more than a considerable village; for by the census of 1801 the total of its inhabitants was but 2418. In that day, the houses were, no doubt, built of wood or of framework, such as the dwelling of Shakspeare's parents still remains. Fires appear, by the history of the place, to have been frequent and destructive. In the 38th and 37th of Elizabeth, two furious fires occurred, and so reduced the property of the inhabitants as to compel them to petition parliament for a remission of subsidies and taxes, and for a portion of £36,000, which had been granted for the relief of decayed cities and towns. The residence of Shakspeare himself narrowly escaped.

Stratford appears now to live on the fame of Shakspeare. You see the mementos of the great native poet wherever you turn. There is the Mulberry-tree Inn; the Imperial Shakspeare Hotel; the Sir John Falstaff; the Royal Shakspeare Theatre: the statue of Shakspeare meets your eye in its niche on the front of the Town-hall. Opposite to that, a large sign informs you that there is kept a collection of the relics of Shakspeare, and not far off you arrive at another sign, conspicuously projecting into the street, on which is proclaimed,—"IN THIS HOUSE THE IMMORTAL BARD WAS BORN." The people seem all alive to the honor of their town having produced Shakspeare. The tailor will descend from his shopboard, or the cobbler start up from his stall, and volunteer to guide you to the points connected with the history of the great poet. A poor shoemaker, on my asking at his door the nearest way to the church containing Shakspeare's tomb, immediately rose up and began to put on his coat. I said, "No, my friend, I do not want you to put yourself to that trouble; go on with your work—I only want you to say whether this way be the most direct." "Bless you, sir," said the man, taking up his hat, "I dont want any thing for showing a gentleman the way to Shakspeare's tomb; it is a pleasure to me. I am fond on't; and a walk, now and then, does me good." The old man bustled along, holding forth with enthusiasm in the praise of Shakspeare, and coming up to the sexton's house, and knocking,—"There," said he, "I have *saved* you ten minutes' walk:—don't forget to look at old Johnny Combe;" and was turning off highly pleased that he had done something to the honor of Shakspeare, and reluctant to receive even the value of a glass of ale for his services.

The Royal Shakspeare Club annually celebrate the birth of Shakspeare on the 23d of April, and even Washington Irving is held in great honor for having recorded in his Sketch-Book his visit to his tomb. At one of the inns they show you Washington Irving's room and his bed. In the Red Horse, at which I stayed, my room was adorned with his sole portrait, and all the keepers of Stratford albums take good care to point out to you the signature of Washington Irving, the American who spoke so highly of Shakspeare.

It is pleasing to find the prophet enjoying so much honor in his own country; and yet I shall have a fact or two presently to mention, which will require the serious attention of the people of Stratford, if they do not mean all this show of zeal for the poet's memory to appear empty and inconsistent.

One of the first places which I hastened to visit was the birth place of Shakspeare's wife; the rustic cottage where he wooed, and whence he married her. Millions, perhaps, have visited the house where he was born; tens of thousands have certainly inscribed their names on the walls of that simple chamber where he is said to have first seen the light; but not so many have visited, or known of, or inquired after the house where his modest, faithful, and affectionate wife,

Ann Hathaway, she hath a way,

was born, and lived, and became the wife of Shakspeare when he was nineteen, and she twenty-seven.

Shakspeare seems to have had no personal ambition. If he had, we should have had more account of the incidents of his existence. He seems to have thrown off his inimitable dramas, rich with passion and poetry, more from the very enjoyment of the act, than from the glory to be derived from them. So, too, in his youth, he married the first humble object of his affections; and after having seen all the fascinations of London life, after having conversed with the most celebrated beauties and wits of Elizabeth's splendid court, he retired with a competence to the quiet uneventful town of Stratford, the quiet haunts of his youth, and to domestic peace with his true Ann Hathaway.

There is nothing more wonderful in the character of Shakspeare than the perfect indifference shown to the fate of his inimitable dramas. For thirteen years after his retirement from the stage, and those years the very prime of *his* existence—for he died at the early age of fifty-two—he continued to live, and that in a great degree in the perfect leisure of Stratford, without apparently taking the slightest means to secure a correct edition of his works. He threw them off with the greatest imaginable ease and rapidity, the "Merry Wives of Windsor" being said only to have occupied a fortnight in the composition, and to have left them to the care of the public as stoically as the ostrich leaves its eggs to the sun. It could not be that he was insensible to their merit, for in his sonnets he gives us repeated assurances of the immortality of his muse; but it would seem as if, satisfied with the consciousness that he had done enough to secure his eternal fame, he followed his natural bent for the enjoyment of domestic life, and the entire forgetfulness of public concerns in which he was absorbed by it, testifying that there lay his entire happiness. That he spent the greater portion of the last sixteen years of his life at Stratford there is every reason to believe, having purchased for his residence one of the best houses of his native town, in 1597, which, having repaired and improved, he named New Place; nor is any other trace of him discoverable, independent of his literary exertions, from that year, except that in 1602 he was at Stratford, adding a new purchase of one hundred and seven acres of land to his former purchase of New Place. Not all the havoc committed by players and publishers on the sense and diction of his great dramas could rouse him from his domestic rest. "He made," says Johnson, "no collection of his works, nor desired to rescue those that had been already published from the depravations that obscured them, or to secure to the rest a better destiny by giving them to the world in their genuine state. . . . They were transcribed for the players by those who may be supposed to have seldom understood them; they were transmitted by copiers equally unskilful, who still multiplied errors; they were, perhaps, sometimes mutilated by actors, for the sake of shortening the speeches, and were, at best, printed without correction of the press."

All this was enough to have roused, one would have thought, any author that had but sufficient ambition to write, but it disturbed not Shakspeare, and it must appear that the astonishing power displayed in his dramas was not the most wonderful quality of his nature. He had a mind that could not only achieve what was beyond the fame of other men, but a calm indifference even for his own fame, that more resembled the elevation of a divine nature than the nervous temperament of humanity. How different is this, even to the sensitiveness of his own youth, when the insult which he supposed himself to have received from Sir Thomas Lucy stung him to the quick, and induced him to gibbit him in ballads, and run for miles to fix them on his park-gate; an irritability so lasting that it revived and issued to the light again in the "Merry Wives of Windsor."

That Shakspeare valued the enjoyments of domestic life, beyond both the brilliant life of successful literature in London and beyond the fame of his works, his long quiet retirement at Stratford sufficiently proves. There have not been wanting those who have accused him of indifference or infidelity towards his wife; but, whatever might be occasional dissipations in which he might indulge during his London sojourn, he has himself left the most triumphant testimonies of his strong and changeless affection to his Ann Hathaway,* and that it was in the depth of domestic existence that he found his real happiness. Nothing can be more beautiful than those of his sonnets which refers to these subjects.

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
That alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove.
O no! it is an ever fixed mark,
That looks on tempests, and is never shaken.
It is the star of every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come,
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be error, and upon me proved,—
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

There never were fourteen lines which so deeply and eternally express the sentiment clearly springing from the bottom of the poet's soul, of the unchangeableness of true affection. That one sonnet is enough to cast to the winds every malignant slander against the true heart of Shakspeare. That he, like other men, had fallen into errors, he was the first most earnestly and eloquently to avow; but where was the man, that after having won the fame that he had, and passed through the Circean enchantments of metropolitan beauty, and splendor, and wit as he had, ever gave so marvellous a proof that his heart of hearts was not in these, but that his only hope and idea of true happiness was in his native fields, and in the home of his wedded affection? What accuser could venture to stand up against such a man, after reading the very next sonnet, the continuation, in fact, of the former?

Accuse me thus,—that I have scanted all,
Wherein I should your great deserts repay:
Forgot upon your dearest love to call,
Whereto all bonds do tie me, day by day;

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* The author of the beautiful and able romance of "The Youth of Shakspeare" has, contrary to his usual sagacity and without any sufficient historic evidence, and contrary, moreover, to the evidence of Shakspeare himself, here produced, unfortunately fallen into the former opinion, that of his alienation from her whom the writer himself thus describes in Shakspeare's days of courtship: "To him every thing was Ann Hathaway, but especially all wisdom, goodness, beauty, and delight took from her their existence, and gave to her their qualities. She was, in brief, the sun round which the rest of creation must needs take its course."

That I have frequent been with unknown minds,
And given to time your own dear-purchased right;
That I have hoisted sail to all the winds
Which should transport me farthest from your sight.
Book both my wilfulness and errors down,
And on just proof surmise accumulate;
Bring me within the level of your frown,
But shoot not at me in your waken'd hate:
Since my appeal says, I did strive to prove
The constancy and virtue of your love.

That his long absence, for it does not appear that his wife ever left Stratford to reside with him in town, had occasioned some misunderstanding and estrangement between her and himself, would appear from several of his sonnets, which are the only records which he has left of his life and interior feelings; but the sorrow and repentance which he expresses are more than enough to unbend the brow of the sternest judge, much more of a tender and loving wife.

O, never say that I was false of heart,
Though absence seem'd my flame to qualify!
As easy might I from myself depart,
As from my soul which in thy breast doth lie:
That is my home of love: if I have ranged,
Like him that travels, I return again;
Just to the time, not with the time exchanged,
So that myself bring water for my stain.
Never believe, though in my nature reign'd
All frailties that besiege all kinds of blood,
That it could so preposterously be stain'd,
To leave for nothing all thy sum of good;
For nothing this wide universe I call,
Save thou, my rose, in it thou art my all.

Alas! 'tis true I have gone here and there,
And made myself a motley to the view;
Gored mine own thoughts, sold cheap what is most dear,
Made old offences of affections new.
Most true it is that I have looked on truth
Askance and strangely; but, by all above,
These blenches gave my heart another youth,
And worse essays proved thee my best of love.
Now all is done, save what shall have no end:
Mine appetite I never more will grind
On newer proof to try an older friend,
A god in love to whom I am confined.
Then give me welcome, next my heaven the best,
Even to thy pure, and most, most loving breast.

O for my sake do you with fortune chide,
The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,
That did not better for my life provide,
Than public means, which public manners breeds.
Thence comes it that my name receives a brand,
And almost thence my nature is subdued
To what it works in, like the dyer's hand:
Pity me then, and wish I were renewed;
Whilst, like a willing patient, I will drink
Potions of eysel* 'gainst my strong infection;
No bitterness that I will bitter think,
No double penance to correct correction.
Pity me then, dear friend, and I assure ye
Even that your pity is enough to cure me.

In these sonnets we have not only the most touching confession of his errors, but some clue afforded to that neglect and contempt of his dramatic works which we have already noticed. He clearly regarded his profession of an actor as a degradation, as no doubt it was considered in the eye of those times. He probably regarded his dramas as mere compositions written to advance his fortune, and as standing testimonies to that mode of life which he regarded with aversion. This, it is probable, was the cause why he so entirely neglected them, and turned, as it were, his very thoughts from them, as reminding him of many things, during the period of their production, which he would fain forget for ever. The very next sonnet, and the only one which I shall here indulge myself in transcribing, most strongly expresses this feeling, and the formation of that resolution to which he so inflexibly adhered to the day of his death.

Your love and pity doth the impression fill
Which vulgar scandal stamped upon my brow;
For what care I who calls me well or ill,
So you o'ergreen my bad, my good allow?
You are all the world, and I must strive
To know my shames and praises from your tongue;
None else to me, nor I to none alive,
That my steel'd sense, or changes, right or wrong.
In so profound abysm I throw all care
Of others' voices, that my adder's sense
To critic, and to flatterer stopped are.
Mark how with my neglect I do dispense:—
You are so strongly in my purpose bred
That all the world besides, methinks they are dead.

Impressed with the feelings and the history conveyed in these sonnets, I must confess that there was no spot connected with Shakespeare at Stratford that so strongly interested me as Shottery, the little rustic village where Ann Hathaway was born, and where Shakespeare wooed, and whence he married her. The house in which he was born is turned into a butcher's shop; his birth there was a mere accident, and the accidents of time have not added to the intrinsic interest of the place; the house which he built or improved for himself, and in which he spent the last years of his life, was pulled down, and dispersed piece-meal by the infamous parson Gastrell, who thus "doomed himself to eternal fame" more thoroughly than the fool who fired the Temple of Diana; but the birth-place and the marriage-place of Ann Hathaway, is just as it was; and, excepting the tombs of Shakespeare and herself, the only authentic and unchanged traces of their existence here. I therefore hastened away to Shottery the very first moment that I could get out of the inn. It is but a short walk to it across some pleasant meadows, and I pleased myself with thinking as I strode along, with what delight Shakespeare in his youth trod the same path on his way to see his fair Ann Hathaway; and how often, in his latter years, when he had renounced public life, and she was his "all-the-world," they might, led by the sweet recollections of the past, often stroll that way together, and perhaps visit some of their kindred under the same rustic roof.

The village is a real rustic village indeed, consisting of a few farm-houses, and of half-timbered cottages of the most primitive construction, standing apart, one from the other, in their old gardens and orchards. Nothing can exceed the simplicity and quiet of this rustic hamlet. It is the beau ideal of Goldsmith's Auburn. The village public-house is the "Shakespeare tavern," a mere cottage like the rest. No modern innovations, no improvements, seem to have come hither to disturb the image of the past-times. The cottages stand apart from each other, in their gardens and orchard-crofts, and are just what the poets delight to describe. The country around is pleasant, though not very striking. Its great charm is its perfect rurality. Ann Hathaway's cottage stands at the father end of this scattered and secluded hamlet, at the foot of pleasant uplands, and from its rustic casements you catch glimpses of the fine breezy ranges of the Ilmington and Meon hills, some miles southward; and of Stratford church spire eastward peeping over its trees.

The cottage is a long tenement of the most primitive character; of timber framing, filled up with brick and plaster-work. Its doors are gray with age, and have the old-fashioned wooden latches, with a bit of wood nailed on the outside of the door to take hold of while you pull the string; just such a latch as, no doubt, was on the door of Little Red Riding-Hood's grandmother, when the wolf said to the little girl, "pull the string, and you'll get in."

The antiquity of the house is testified by the heads of the wooden pins which fasten the framing, standing up some inches from the walls according to the rude fashion of the age, never having been cut off. The end of the cottage comes to the village road; and the side which looks into the orchard is covered with vines and roses, and rosemary. The orchard is a spot all knolls and hollows, where you might imagine the poet, when he came here a-wooing, or in the after-days of his renown, when he came hither to see his wife's friends, and to indulge in day-dreams of the past, as he represents the king of Denmark

—Sleeping within mine orchard,
My custom always of the afternoon—

lying on the mossy turf, and enjoying the pleasant sunshine, and the flickering shadows of the old apple-trees. The orchard extends up the slope a good way; then you come to the cottage garden, and then to another orchard. You walk up a little narrow path between hedges of box, and among long grass. All the homely herbs and flowers which grow about the real old-English cottage, and which Shakespeare delighted to introduce into his poetry—the rosemary, celandine, honeysuckle, marigold, mint, thyme, rue, sage, etc. meeting your eye as you proceed.

The commentators on Shakespeare have puzzled themselves wonderfully about some of the plainest matters of his text, and about none more than the identity of the dewberry. In the Midsummer Night's Dream, Titania tells the fairies to be kind to Bottom:

Be kind and courteous to this gentleman;
Hop in his walks, and gambol in his eyes;
Feed him with apricocks and dewberries,
With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries;
The honey bags steal from the humble-bees, etc.

These same dewberries have cost the commentators of his text a world of trouble. As apricots, grapes, and figs are very good things, they could not bring their fancies to believe that the fairies would feed Bottom on aught less dainty, even though he yearned hungrily after good oats and a bundle of hay. All kinds of fruits were run over in the scale of delicacies, and not finding any of the finer sorts which ever bore the name of dewberry, they at last sagely concluded that it must be a gooseberry, because the gooseberry is only once mentioned as a gooseberry in all his dramas. A wise conclusion! What a pity that those laborious and ingenious commentators would but step occasionally out of their studies, and go into Shakespeare's own neighborhood, and hear the peasantry their talk. They would not only have long ago discovered what a dewberry is, but might hear many an idiom and proverb, that would have thrown more light on the text of Shakespeare, than will ever stream in through a library window in half a century. A dewberry is a species of blackberry, but of a larger grain, of a finer acid, and having upon it a purple bloom like the violet plum. It is a fruit well known by that name to botanists (rubus caesius,) and by that name it has always been well known by the common people in the midland counties. As I walked round the orchard of Ann Hathaway, I was quite amused to see it growing plentifully on the banks; and taking up a sprig of it with some berries on it, I asked almost every countryman and countrywoman whom I met during the day, what they called that fruit. In every instance, they at once replied, "the dewberry." While I was in that neighborhood I repeatedly asked the peasantry if they knew such a thing as a dewberry. In every case they replied, "To be sure, it is like a blackberry, only its grains are larger, and it is more like a mulberry." A very good description. "Yes," said others, "it grows low on the banks; it grows plentifully all about this country." So much for all the critical nonsense about the dewberry.

I could not avoid noticing many such little touches of natural imagery with which Shakspeare has enriched the poetical portion of his text, as I strolled about this garden and orchard. In the Midsummer Night's Dream, Act iv. Shakspeare says,

The female ivy so
Enrings the barky fingers of the elm.

Why the barky fingers of the elm? Because the young shoots of the elm and those of the maple cover themselves with a singular corky bark, which rises in longitudinal ridges, of frequently more than a quarter of an inch high, and presenting a very singular appearance. It is a curious fact that the elm is the great natural growth of the country about Stratford, and must have been particularly familiar to Shakespeare's eye, and in this very orchard he must have seen plenty of the very images he has used. I pleased myself with imagining the quiet happiness which he had enjoyed with his Ann Hathaway in this very spot, while those rural images and happy illustrations silently flowed into his mind from the things around him. There was an old arbour of box, the trees of which had grown high and wild, having a whole wilderness of periwinkle at their feet; and upon the wooden end of a shed forming one side of this arbor, grew a honeysuckle, which seemed as though it might have grown in the very days of Shakespeare, for it had all the character of a very old tree; little of it showing any life, and its bark hanging from its stem in filaments of more than a foot long, like the tatters and beard of an ancient beggar. At the door looking into this orchard is a sort of raised platform up three or four steps with a seat upon it, so that the cottagers might sit and enjoy at once the breeze and the prospect of the orchard and fields beyond. There is a passage right through the house, with a very old high-backed bench of oak in it, said to have been there in Shakespeare's time, and old enough to have been there long before. The whole of the interior is equally simple and rustic. I have been more particular in speaking of this place, because perhaps at the very moment I write these remarks this interesting dwelling may be destroyed, and all that I have been describing have given way to the ravages of modern change. The place is sold, and perhaps the cottage of Ann Hathaway is now no more. A Mr. Barne, a farmer of the neighboring hamlet of Luddington, has bought the whole property for £300; and talks of pulling down the house at spring. He has already pulled down some of the neighboring cottages, and built up a row of red staring ones in their places; and already he has made an ominous gap into Ann Hathaway's orchard! The Taylors, the old proprietors, who have lived in the cottage for many years, were gone, the very morning I was there, to Stratford, to sign the conveyance.

To be continued.

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* Vinegar.

Galilee.

It was starlight on Galilee. The placid lake lay at the feet, slumbering as calmly as an infant, with the wooded shores, and tall cliffs around, reflected darkly in its surface. Scarcely a breath disturbed the quiet air. Occasionally a ripple would break on the shore with a low, measured harmony, and once a tiny wave would glisten in the starlight, as a slight breeze ruffled the surface of the lake. The song of the fisherman was hushed; the voice of the vine-dresser had ceased on the shore; the cry of the eagle had died away amongst the far-off hills, and the silence of midnight, deep, hushed, and awe-inspiring, hung over Galilee.

A thousand years before, and what scenes had that sea beheld! There, had lived Peter and his brethren; there, had our Saviour taught; upon those shores had his miracles been wrought; and on the broad bosom of Gennesereth he had walked a God. What holy memories were linked in with that little sea! How calm and changeless seemed its quiet depths! A thousand years had passed since then, and the apostles and their children had mouldered into dust, yet the stars still looked down on that placid lake unchanged, shining the same as they had done for fifty centuries before.

Poetry.

"What is poetry? It is not merely the melody of verse, or the spirit of passion and emotion embodied in verse. It is a revelation from heaven of its own beauty and glory—an atmosphere of heaven breathed down and diffused through our grosser one, by which we become sensible of the strength of joy in the heart, of the moral greatness of our better nature, of the treasures of past intellect, and the full grandeur and rainbow splendor of human hopes. It is this spirit that is continually lifting us out of the clay of the earth—out of the grossness of our animal condition, to a perception of wider views, intenser being, more generous, glowing, and ethereal aspirations. It is like the suffusion of purple and violet light cast down from the evening sun over the mountains, which, however beautiful in themselves, derive a tenfold and heavenly beauty from it. It is not so much a part of ourselves, as the spirit of an eternal and divine world, which moulds and incorporates us into itself, and changes us from what we are, to what we are to be.—*Howitt.*

"Jim, do you know Sam Starlton?"

"Know him? Raised him from a small pup-py."

"Is he clever?"

"CLEVER? *He can have half my bread and butter any time.*"

WELLERISM.—"I am terribly put out," as the fellow said who was kicked into the street.

Saturday Evening Post.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY
GEORGE R. GRAHAM & CO.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1841.

[illegible] REMOVAL.—The Office of the Saturday Evening Post has been removed to the South West Corner of Chesnut and Third Street. The situation is in every respect superior to that of the old stand. We shall be happy to see the good-humored countenances of our subscribers at any time.

FAIR OFFERS.

As we intend to keep the front rank, in both periodical literature and periodical embellishments, we offer the following liberal proposals for 1841. Those who wish to commence the year with us, should let us know at once.

For $5 in ADVANCE free of Postage, we will forward the Saturday Evening Post THREE YEARS to one subscriber, or to THREE SUBSCRIBERS, for one year.

For $5 we will forward TWO copies of the Post, and ONE copy of Graham's Magazine, a three dollar monthly periodical, ENTIRELY ORIGINAL in its literature, and splendidly embellished with original MEZZOTINTO ENGRAVING'S on steel, and colored FASHION'S MONTHLY.

For $7 we will forward TWO copies of the Post and TWO copies of the Magazine.

For $10 cash, current money, we will send THREE copies of the Post and THREE of the Magazine to any part of the United States, or Canadas.

$10 will procure FIVE COPIES of Graham's Magazine, separately from the paper. Or SEVEN COPIES of the Saturday Evening Post.

SINGLE COPIES of the Magazine $3 in advance, of the Post, $2 in advance, or $3 at the end of the year.

To entitle any subscriber to the benefit of these offers, ALL ARREARAGES MUST BE FIRST PAID, and these terms are allowed to NONE, unless they deal directly with the office by mail, or otherwise on the CASH system.

☞ The safest way for subscribers at a distance to send their subscription is to enclose it in a letter, get the nearest Post Master to frank it, and send it in UNCLE SAM'S mail bag, AT OUR RISK. Try it, as we scarcely miss a letter in a year at this office, and if we do we suffer the loss, and the works are invariably forwarded.

War With England.

A majority of the Committee on Foreign Affairs have made a report to the House of Representatives at Washington, which will attract general attention. Its tone, to say the least, is warlike. How it will be treated by Congress remains to be seen. As our space will not permit us to publish the report in full, we annex a few extracts, embodying its substance.

The report relates principally to the burning of the Caroline, and the imprisonment of McLeod. It opens with a statement of the agitation on the frontier in Dec. 1837, and the curiosity of all persons to visit Navy Island, the retreat of some of the Canadian refugees. It then proceeds:

"The owner of the Caroline took advantage of these circumstances to make some money with his boat by running her as a ferry boat over to Navy Island. All these facts so appear from the testimony regularly taken, (see H. R. Doc. No. 302, pages 46 and 39, 2d Session, 25th Congress,) and the committee know of no legal evidence to contradict them.—There is no proof that any arms or munitions of war were carried in the boat, except, perhaps, one small six pounder field piece belonging to a passenger.—The principal object was to run the boat as a ferry boat from Schlosser, on the American side, to Navy Island, on the British side. It is believed that even in war, a neutral Power has the right to trade in contraband articles, subject, of course, to seizure and confiscation if taken within the jurisdiction of either of the contending parties. What is contraband of war is not always certain. Treaty stipulations frequently include some articles, and exclude others recognized in the law of nations. Trading in contraband articles is no excuse for invading the territory and soil of a neutral and independent Power, whose private citizens may choose to run the hazards of such a trade. In this instance there were no two foreign Powers engaged in war; but all concerned in the outbreak or excitement with the British jurisdiction claimed to be British subjects, in resistance of the authorities of Canada, a province of the British empire."

After laying down these well known principles of international law, and applying them to the facts of the case before them, the committee proceed to state, that, after having been used for but one day as a ferry boat, the Caroline, in the night, and within American jurisdiction, was captured, and burned, and at least one man assassinated. The calling of the Caroline "piratical" in the correspondence of the British Minister is then alluded to, and the charge repelled as a misuse of terms. It is also argued that, even if the steamboat had been engaged in piracy, the burning of her in American waters would have been against the law of nations. The committee further remarks that the proper course, if the Canadian authorities felt themselves aggrieved, would have been to apply for redress to the Governor of New York, or the President of the U. States. They then continue.

"It was hoped that the outrage was perpetrated by a party in sudden heat and excitement, upon their own responsibility. But the British Minister now avows that "the act was the public act of persons obeying the constituted authorities of her Majesty's Province;" and again affirms that "it was a public act of persons in her Majesty's service, obeying the orders of their superior authorities."

After remarking that this act derives more importance than it would otherwise deserve, from its being one of many like aggressions, and from the neglect with which England has treated our applications for redress, the committee proceed.

"As to the other points presented in the demand made by the British Minister for the 'liberation' of Alexander McLeod, the committee believe the facts of the case to be, that the steamboat was seized and burnt as stated before, and that a citizen or citizens of New York were murdered in the affray. And there were reasons to induce the belief that McLeod was *particeps criminis*. He was at first arrested, and upon various testimony being taken was then discharged. He was afterwards arrested a second time. Upon the evidence then presented, he was imprisoned to await his trial. There was no invasion of British territory to seize or take him—But, upon his being voluntarily within our territory, he was arrested as any citizen of the United States, charged with a similar offence, might have been.—We know of no law of nations that would except a man from arrest and imprisonment for offences charged to be committed against the 'peace and dignity' of a State, because he is a subject of Great Britain, or because he committed the crime at the instigation or under the authority of British Provincial officers, much less do we know of any law that would justify the President to deliver him up without trial, at the demand, and upon the assertion as to facts, of any agent of the British Government. If we had been at open war with Great Britain, and McLeod had committed the offences charged, then he might have fallen under the rules and regulations of war, and been treated as a prisoner of the United States Government, and would have been subject to the laws of nations in war. But as the alleged criminal acts, in which McLeod is charged to be implicated, were committed in profound peace, it is a crime, so far as he may be concerned, solely against the 'peace and dignity' of the State of New York, and her criminal jurisdiction is complete and exclusive. If the crimes committed be such to make a man *hostis humani generis*—an outlaw—a pirate; in the legal acceptation of the terms, then under the law of nations, the United States courts and tribunals would have jurisdiction. But the offence charged in this case, committed as it was in time of peace so far as this individual was concerned, was one purely against the *jus loci* and coming exclusively within the criminal jurisdiction of the tribunals of New York."

This is all good law, and places the matter in its true light. The committee then proceed to deny the right of the British government to claim McLeod, laying down the broad principle, that even fugitives from justice are protected by our soil. This is, however, incorrect. Grotius, Heineccius, Burlamaqui, Vattel, and all the most distinguished public jurists uphold a contrary rule. The act of the New York legislature of 5th April, 1822, recognizes this doctrine, and facilitates its execution, by empowering the governor to surrender such fugitives. In the case of offenders against a foreign government, the duty is by no means so clear, but depends, as the committee have laid down, on treaty stipulations. None such exist in this case; but even if they did, as McLeod is an offender against American law, and arrested on American soil, the stipulations would not apply.

The close of the report is the only objectionable part of it. It is declamatory, and wants the calm dignity of a state paper. But the wish the continued peace, breathed by the Committee, will find an echo in every bosom.

The Suspension.

The suspension of the Banks still continues, and, as a consequence, the financial world is considerably embarrassed. Money is difficult to obtain, even at a high premium. The circulating medium would decrease daily, if the paper of the country banks did not pour in to fill up the vacuum caused by the withdrawal of city bank notes.

The opinions we expressed last week, as to the causes of this suspension, are now generally admitted by both parties to be correct; and the conduct of New York, or rather of a portion of her money dealers, has met with almost universal condemnation. As a mere matter of policy, nothing could be more unfortunate for that city. By forcing a suspension here, New York throws a large portion of the Western trade out of her hands, at once, and in short, drives the internal trade of this vast country into the lap of Philadelphia; for we may look upon it as a settled axiom in commerce, that no buyer will resort to a market, when he will have to pay a premium on the funds required to discharge his bills, when he can purchase like goods at the same price, and without paying any premium in another market. The loss in this manoeuvre—let them disguise it as they may—will fall on New York.

The Legislature of Pennsylvania has, as yet, taken no measures in relation to this third suspension. Conjecture is alive as to their course. As far as we can learn an opinion, however, we think that a suspension will ultimately be legalized for one, two, or three years, although a shorter period may at first be named. The U. S. Bank, will probably not be included in this amnesty.

Various rumors are afloat as to the course which the U. S. Bank will pursue. She has already sent a statement to Harrisburg, of her present condition, and the causes thereof. It is whispered that her intention is, if shut out from the benefits of a law legalizing a continued suspension, to remove to New York, and transact business there under the general Banking Law of that State.

We are indebted to a daily contemporary, for the following authentic statement of the amount of specie and specie funds paid by the Banks of Philadelphia, from December 15th, 1840, to February 8th, 1841, inclusive:

Pennsylvania Bank,	$1,137,164
North America,	985,000
Philadelphia,	1,141,820
Farmers and Mechanics'	982,620
Girard,	1,056,000
Mechanics,	212,000
Commercial,	130,000
Western,	121,000
Southwark,	75,201
Moyamensing,	101,000
Penn Township,	50,000
Manufac. and Mechanics',	25,000
Northern Liberties,	67,000
Kensington,	9,130
	$6,122,732
United States,	6,083,321
	$11,216,053

The money paid by the U. S. Bank, to the State of Pennsylvania, is itself a heavy item in disbursements, and amounts to one third of her capital. It is as follows, since November, 1836.

Bonus for Charter,	$2,500,000
Five annual payments to the School Fund,	500,000
Subscriptions for State Improvements, under the charter,	315,000
Voluntary subscriptions for the same,	978,000
Loans to the State yet unliquidated,	7,085,000
	$12,878,000

The directors of the U. S. Bank have addressed a memorial to the legislature; in which they state that they made every effort to prepare for a resumption, and that they would have succeeded in maintaining specie payments, had it not been for a combination of interests against the Bank. They state that their loans to the commonwealth, to the amount of twelve millions, have considerably crippled their exertions, and speak of the injustice to innocent stockholders, as well as to the state herself in forcing the Bank to wind up.—Under these circumstances, the Bank asks to be placed on the same footing with the others, in case of a law legalizing the suspension.

Currency Tinkers—Small Notes.

It is amusing to see the number of *financiers*, that have suddenly started into importance since the last suspension of specie payments by the banks, and to hear the rhodomontade in which they indulge in their efforts to reclaim "the dear people" from error. Fellows who never had a dollar but what was borrowed, nor an idea but what was stolen, measure out paragraphs upon the currency with all the solemnity and as much assurance as a vendor of ribbons and tape, and swell out their diminutiveness into vast importance as they declaim upon the iniquity of the times, the men, and the money. Give them but an idea and they drive ahead with theories, as if they had absolutely opened a mine of their own, and were not retailing in diluted paragraphs, the very truths which others are taught in their school days. Nothing is worse for the prosperity of a nation than the possession of a little power by those "wise men, who are born late." Every principle in morals, or philosophy, which others have learned, and passed, as a tale that has been told, comes to them as a newly solved problem, and they throw up their caps, as if they had actually made a discovery.

People may talk as they please about the abundance of specie, and its sufficiency to supply all the demands of retail business,—the fact is lamentably plain in this city, that it is *all humbug*. It disappears, not only from circulation, but from the city with the rapidity of lightning, and while the whole community is groaning in want of it, a host of small notes are forced into circulation, by the very necessity of the occasion, from adjoining States. Why is it?

It is a tale that is told in a few words. The balance of trade is in favor of the east, and against Philadelphia, and will continue to be so until the merchants of this city can get in their money from the west and south-west, or until available means to meet the balance are afforded. In the meanwhile the drafts upon us for specie must continue. The effort to supply the demand has been made and has failed, and even the most shallow thinker must now be satisfied that there is not specie enough. What then remains? Suspension by specie payments has been made, as a thing unavoidable! as a matter of sheer necessity, and a circulating medium for small amounts must be had of some sort. The flood of illegitimate shinplasters from other States are rapidly gaining circulation, and Pennsylvania is absolutely paying a handsome per cent. to sister States for the use of small notes.

In the meanwhile, croakers are lifting up their voices against any action of the legislature on the subject, and men of sordid minds, whose Eastern business make the present turn of affairs injurious in some degree to their interests, are joining in the clamor, and attempting to drown the voice of the community, which cries out for *action* and *speedy action*, from the state legislature. Of the remedy to be devised, the representatives of the people must be the judges, but a *remedy of some sort* is demanded, and nothing but a remedy will satisfy. If specie cannot be had, let us have small notes of our own, and not by an obstinate, bull-headed policy, destroy the prosperity and credit of the State, and impair the business resources of the community.

The retailers of the city and county of Philadelphia, pay an annual tax of upwards of $60,000 for the privilege of pursuing business, and at the present time, the whole retail business, is at a stand still, for the want of a circulating Medium for small amounts. The weight falls with peculiar heaviness upon small dealers. To the Legislature, a confident look is turned for relief. Something must be done, and done now. Pennsylvania, never stood upon so high grounds, at home or abroad, as when she had her own circulation of small notes, in common with her sister States. But the curse of currency tinkers is upon her, and she can never rise to her true greatness until it is removed, and an enlightened, liberal and statesman like policy, influences the conduct of men, who rule her, rather than a blind devotion to the behests of party.

The Penn Magazine.

Mr. Poe, we are sorry to say, has been forced, at the last moment, to abandon finally, or at least to postpone indefinitely, his project of the Penn Magazine. This is the more to be regretted as he had the finest prospects of success in the establishment of the journal—such prospects as are seldom enjoyed—an excellent list of subscribers, and, what is equally to the purpose, the universal good-will of the public press. The south and west were especially warm in his cause, and, under ordinary circumstances, he could not have failed of receiving the most gratifying support. In the present disorder of all monetary affairs, however, it was but common prudence to give up the enterprise—in fact it would have been madness to attempt it. Periodicals are among the principal sufferers by these pecuniary convulsions, and to commence one just now would be exceedingly hazardous. It is, beyond doubt, fortunate for Mr. P. that his late illness induced the postponement of his first number; which, it will be remembered, was to have appeared in January.

It is with pleasure we add, that we have secured the services of Mr. Poe as one of the editors of Graham's Magazine. As a stern, just and impartial critic Mr. Poe holds a pen second to none in the country, and we have the confident assurance, that with such editorial strength as the Magazine now possesses, the literary department of the work will be of the very highest character.

New Publications.

THE KINSMEN—OR THE BLACK RIDERS OF THE CONGAREE—*by the Author of "Guy Rivers, &c."* 2 vols.—*Lea & Blanchard.*—We noticed the contemplated publication of this work a few weeks since. It is now before us. We unhesitatingly pronounce it to be the best novel ever written by Mr. Simms.

The story is laid in South Carolina during the latter years of the American Revolution; and is intended chiefly to illustrate the sufferings of that province, and the partisan warfare of the time.—Several of the characters are well drawn; Clarence Conway, for frankness and generosity is unrivalled; his half brother is a mean, crafty, and yet—somewhat of an anomaly—a bold villain, while Jack Bannister is a true Southern scout, and withal, well nigh a rival to old Leather Stocking. No one can fail to be interested in the work.

We have but one fault to find with Mr. Simms, and even in that we may be hypercritical. We think him too verbose. He does not hurry to a conclusion, as rapidly as he might. But even Scott, might be subjected to a like criticism, on the whole, Mr. Simms deservedly ranks high, as an American author.

"SKETCHES OF CONSPICUOUS LIVING CHARACTERS OF FRANCE, *Translated by R. M. Walsh—Philadelphia, Lea & Blanchard.*"—This volume contains a series of racy sketches of distinguished Frenchmen, which appeared in Paris, in weekly articles, and attracted considerable attention. The portraits are lively, and considered faithful. We have read but one—that upon Chateaubriand, who it is said, wrote a highly complimentary letter to the author upon the appearance of the sketch. We design to transfer one or more to our columns, that our readers may have a taste of their quality.

NEW WORK.—We understand that Carey & Hart are engaged in publishing a splendid work, to be got up upon the style of Reed's Wordsworth, containing selections from the best American poets. All attempts, hitherto, to produce a work of this character which should please the critical public have failed. The editor of the proposed publication is R. J. Griswold, of the Standard, of this city, and he is said to be fully competent to the task. May he succeed.

"THE TEMPERANCE COOK-BOOK, *Compiled by a Lady.—Philadelphia, Gihon & Kuchler.*"—This is a neat little pocket volume of one hundred and sixty pages, containing a variety of receipts for cookery upon temperance principles. It is necessary, however, to taste the cookery before one can speak of the merits of the book. We commend it to the notice of housewives.

MERRY'S MUSEUM.—An excellent little periodical for youths, between the ages of seven and fifteen, has been laid upon our table, bearing the above title. It is full of entertaining matter, and illustrated with numerous wood cuts. The life and adventures of Mr. Merry by the author of Peter Parley's tales is not the least interesting portion of the work. We cordially recommend it.

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY AND GATHERINGS OF THE WEST.—This is a very neat monthly magazine, published at Cincinnati, Ohio, for the Methodist Episcopal Church. Its literature partakes of a religious character. Some of the articles are highly creditable to the authors.

Life in Cuba.

Cuban Houses—The Population—Its Resources—A Bull Fight.

The Commercial Advertiser, in a letter from Havana, gives a graphic account of "Life in Cuba." We cannot resist making a few extracts.

It may be especially said of this place as it has been said of Italy—"Here the days are all sunshine, the nights are all moonlight—love is the religion and pleasure the law of the land." The light-house guides the mariner's bark to the long desired haven of rest—the Moro Castel challenges its entrance—while Castel Blanco, with its overhanging embattlements, frowns into submission and obedience this degraded city, and the occupants of its noble harbor. Every thing is stationary here, and seems to have stood so for ages past. The march of intellect has turned aside and left undisturbed the pertinacity of the habits and customs of this place and people. Its form and fashion of building is that of the cities of the earlier ages around the Mediterranean.

Divest it of its wooden materials and living population, and its remains would stand scarcely distinguishable from those of Pompeii, as now excavated from its Vesuvian tomb of eighteen centuries. All the houses are of stone, rudely made and coarsely stuccoed over, inside and out, and are mostly with flat roofs. I am lodged in a principal hotel, with scarcely a pane of glass in it,—nor is one required. My room opens on an upper terrace, from which the ocean, the harbor, the city and the verdant country, are all combined in one of the most variegated and delightful views I ever beheld.

The Island of Cuba is productive almost beyond belief in sugar, coffee, tobacco and fruits, and with a considerable portion of its land not yet under cultivation. Its colonial blessings are a government general as an executive, with 20,000 troops to support his administration. It sustains the expence of its own government, and pays over to Spain annually the sum of about twelve millions of dollars, for the benefit of being held in subjection. Its population is six hundred thousand white inhabitants. The import duty is ten dollars and sixty-two cents on a barrel of flour. The plough in use here is a long newbiddy thing, without shape or mould-board, and is certainly two hundred years behind the age in agricultural improvements.

A few days past, placards were posted about the city walls, informing of the bull-fight at 4 o'clock across the bay. Steamboats and row-boats attended at the hour—the populace pressed to the sport—a few Americans joined, and were borne along with the crowd. The place was an amphitheatre, or like a circus. All comfortably seated on elevated rows of benches. The seat of the judges and more distinguished persons were indicated by curtains. The sport was begun. The bull was let in at a small gate, from his cage, and as he entered his head and neck were stuck full of barbed arrows and exploding rockets with percussion crackers. The actors in the arena were two mounted *Picadores*, and eight men on foot—all dressed and acting like a clown at a circus.

All had small flags, at which the infuriated animal, frantic with the barbs and crackers, made furious leaps, amid the boisterous shouts of a delighted populace. The whole scene was too savage and loathsome to describe. Five bulls in succession were thus worried, exhausted and killed. One horse was gored to death by the animal. Two others overthrown with their riders, and rescued by the flags held in front to distract the fury of the creature. At each death three horses entered in full harness, and fantastically dressed, and drew out the carcase, with trumpets—a full band of martial music, and the loud shouts of a delighted populace, cheering the horses, with the riders' whips, into a full leap.—This is one of the weekly amusements of this city. A single exhibition has satisfied me forever.

From the Pacific.

From letters, to November 20th 1840, from the Pacific, we learn that the British "Steam Packet Company" had two of their Steam vessels in operation. The Peru "arrived at Callao from Valparaiso on the 7th of November in 6 days passage, touching at all the intermediate Ports, she left Lima for Valparaiso on the 15th Nov. with *one hundred and thirty-five* passengers! this being *her first trip*. On the 24th of November the "Chile" arrived in 8½ days from Valparaiso with forty-five passengers, being *her first trip*. These vessels are spoken of as being of 750 tons, built with great regard to strength, that the hull may be the better able to resist the constant jarring of the Engines, and maintain its tightness in the strongest gale and heaviest sea. They have additional fastenings, and are if possible, built stronger than sea vessels navigated by sails.—They steamed it nearly all the passage from England to Chili in 55 days! stopping at Rio Janeiro and passing through the straits of Magellan.—The "Peru" in 30 hours through the Straits.

It is understood that the Company will not run the line to Panama until their own Steam vessels are ready to go into operation on this side of the Isthmus, from Chagres to England, via. Jamaica and New York. It is contemplated that they will be in readiness in all this year (1841). It would be no easy task to calculate all the advantages that will be derived from this line of Steam communication between the United States, Europe and the shores of the vast pacific. It will be no difficult matter for an English merchant or his agent, to reach the city of Lima in Peru, from England in 45 days and from the United States in 30 days. When the passage around Cape-Horn would require from 100 to 120 days, with all the discomforture of storms and tempest.

The United States Frigate Constitution, Sloop of war St. Louis and Schooner Shark were at Lima at this date. The Constitution and Shark to sail in a few days for Valparaiso. The St. Louis it was thought would "go to the Islands." Letters from the Constitution speak in high praise of the Apprentice Boys, many of them have "become smart and active top-men." They are so distributed about the ship, and their duties so varied, as to enable them to become familiar with all the duties of seamen. One half attends school daily. We are highly gratified with the accounts given of this "Naval Apprentice" System, and cannot but express a hope that the Government will adopt such regulations as will prevent boys of bad characters from entering the Navy as apprentices.—We look forward to the day when our vessels of war, under the "apprentice system," will be manned with crews of intelligent and virtuous *Native Seamen*. Under a like system in our Commercial Marine, the same happy results might be obtained.

Temperance in Ireland.

The wonders achieved by Father Mathew and the Temperance pledge, in this unhappy country, receive daily confirmation. From a late letter to the editors of the Knickerbocker, we copy the following paragraphs. The writer says:

"It is some four or five years since I was in this quarter of the world, and the change that is now perceptible on the face of men and things is astonishing. It is ascertained that upwards of three millions in Ireland have taken the pledge; the consequence of which is, that instead of the hundreds and thousands of beggars that were wont to infest the streets, some of them with scarcely any clothing upon them, you now rarely see one. It used to be difficult to discover what was, or had been, the original color or texture of a poor Irishman's coat; in fact, it was a thing to baffle all research. It is now far different. The lower orders are comparatively well clad, and clean.—The distilleries are all turned into flour-mills, and the public houses have vanished. On last St. Patrick's Day, although the streets were covered with dense crowds of people, there was not a "tipsy" man to be seen. In former times, an Irishman would have considered himself disgracing his saint, his country and himself, if he did not get beastly drunk on that day. All this reformation has arisen out of the exertions of Father Mathew, who I hear is an excellent fellow, and anything but a bigot. He is now erecting a chapel in Cork, out of the proceeds of the sale of shilling teetotal pledge-medals, that will cost nearly eighty thousand pounds, and which, when finished, will rival in magnificence of design and beauty of architecture, any other building in Europe. The taking of the pledge is not confined to the lower orders. Many who move in the first circles of society have taken it; and what astonishes me most of all, is, that many of the car-men have taken it, who used to be 'screamers' in the drinking way."

A Railroad over a Town.

One of the most gigantic works of modern times has just been completed. This is the Stockport Viaduct, England.

The Manchester and Birmingham direct line of Railway now runs *over*, not *through* the town of Stockport. The arches literally stride over that large town. Standing in a valley, in Cheshire, the town of Stockport is too low for the level of the Railroad. In 21 months was completed a viaduct, based on the solid rock, of 26 arches—22 of 63 feet span and 4 of 20 feet span. The length is 1786 feet. It stands 111 feet above the Mersey, which flows beneath, and is thus 6 feet higher than the Menai Bridge. The foundation, in the sandstone, is six feet deep, and 9 feet of stone work above ground. From thence to the springing of the arches the piers are of brickwork, and the huge bands of the same material. Brick was used as less likely, when well made, to chip, splinter, or decay. The whole cost £70,000. The utmost *settling* in the whole work after taking the wooden supporters from the arches is half an inch.

A great saving has been effected by raising this viaduct to such a height, as it reduces the works on each side of the valley, and lessens the expense £50,000. It has been made 1786 feet long, because they had to span all the streets. It is the first time that, for such a great work, brick has been chiefly employed. This great work will long be a matter of wonder to the world.

Jail Broken.

The New Orleans Picayune of the 3d inst. of this month, says that eight rogues confined in the Natchez Jail, on Wednesday of last week, effected their escape by cutting through the floor, filing a bar of iron in two in a window, and then leaping to the ground. Three of them were taken in the yard; four others remained in the dungeon, not having had time to get out before they were discovered; five made their escape, barefooted, to the river, where they procured a skiff and canoe, and proceeded on the bosom of the father of waters towards this city, how far is not known. Two of the deputy sheriffs, young and old Withers, (the Hays of Natchez,) with the jailor, are in warm pursuit; and if they escape entirely they will have to be as light-heeled as De Volonee himself. The names of those now at large are Benjamin Morgan, on a charge of murder; Antonio Troky, accessory to the same; Jack Davis, James F. Johnson and John Rice, for grand larceny.

A Good Hoax.

The Falls of Niagara overwhelmed—Destruction of the Hotel—Universal Consternation.

The Northern mail of Thursday, brought the [illegible] intelligence of the destruction of the Falls of Niagara. For a while it astonished the credulous, though most saw through the hoax at once. The description, however, is so like what it would be in case the event of such a catastrophe, that we give it below as a model for hoaxers.

On Saturday morning, about 9 o'clock, were [illegible] the first symptoms of the great catastrophe. A citizen of the village, while waiting at the foot of the spiral staircase, [illegible] which formed, on the Canada side, the famous sub-marine cavern, to break away and fall into the cauldron underneath. All that day portions fell away, and next morning in the presence of crowds of people, a wide space of the frontal barrier, near to Goat Island, within the horseshoe, fell down; and then followed others with greatly accelerated rapidity. What was actually taking place could only be surmised, as the great confluence of water hid the immediate stage of operations from sight. At half past eight, the Biddle Tower and all the adjoining ground work had disappeared. The tower sunk into the gulf like a subsiding wave. Shortly after, the water having made a subterranean passage burst through the wall of Goat Island, cumbered with masses of rock and rolled with earth, and as instantly the crust above collapsed and mixed in the wild chaos below. In rapid succession, on the Canada side of the Island, mass followed mass, until the island, throughout its entire length, was chafed and narrowed down to a lean stripe, which resisted further encroachments as if of more substantial constituents. On the British border, the wall of loose, friable rock was gored and ploughed away until the Table Rock, so much resorted to by visitors, fell down in fragments, the spiral staircase toppled, and for awhile it was expected that the hotel would follow. It still stands, though in a perilous posture, all the furniture being removed. On the American side, the great shelf is unmolested; but the water falling over is greatly diminished, it being diverted to the largely increased channel on the British side. Here the waters have a prolonged fall of nearly a mile, the plane of course very gentle, commencing above Goat Island and ending below the old landing place, the intermediate space being filled up and graduated by deposites from above.

The appearance of the Fall in its new shape, time will not permit us to sketch.

POSTSCRIPT.—The hotel is gone, we learn. It is believed no lives have been lost.

City News.

DISTURBANCES IN CHURCHES.—Disturbances have occurred on several occasions during the last week or ten days in churches where the Rev. Mr. Sperry, of the Methodist persuasion, has been preaching, in consequence of the Rev. gentleman giving offence by certain attacks from the pulpit aimed at the Roman Catholic doctrines. While Mr. S. was lecturing in the Nazareth Church, in Thirteenth street, below Vine, on Sunday afternoon, considerable excitement prevailed owing to a person in the congregation exclaiming "that's a lie." The offender was subsequently arrested and put in the custody of officer Miller, from whom he was afterwards rescued. A man, named Michael McKernan, charged with being concerned in the rescue, and assaulting officer Miller, and brutally kicking him was yesterday morning bound over in $300, by the Recorder, for a further hearing this morning.

THEODORE M. MOORE.—The Judges of the Court of Common Pleas on Saturday delivered their decision in the case of Theodore M. Moore, of Philadelphia Loan Company notoriety, an applicant for the benefit of the Insolvent Acts. The Court ordered that the petitioner be refused his discharge under the insolvent laws, and be bound over in the sum of $3000, to answer at the next Court of General Sessions the charge of fraudulent insolvency, and be committed in default of security. Moore has been for some time and is at present held in the debtors apartment of Moyamensing prison on civil suits.

IRISH REPEAL ASSOCIATION.—The following officers were elected at a meeting of the Irish Repeal Association held in the District Court Room, on Monday evening:—Hon. Joseph M. Doran, President; Thomas Edward, Martin Murphy, Robert Flannagan, Frederick Mullen, John Killion, Dennis Sweeney, John McLaughlin and John Maguire, Vice Presidents; Hugh O'Donnel and H. J. Bogan, Corresponding Secretaries; W. Doherty and William D. Kelly, Recording Secretaries; Thomas Crilly, C. McCauley, Dennis Murphy, Robert Dougherty and Bernard Duke, Committee on Finance; John Maguire, Treasurer.

MORE WRITS OF CITATION.—Judge King on Wednesday awarded three more writs of citation against the U. S. Bank for refusing to pay specie for her notes. The applicants were William J. Young, William Dilworth, and James Lucas. Mr. Young was refused payment for notes to the amount of $60, Mr. Lucas to the amount of $120, and Mr. Dilworth to the amount of $140.

HABEAS CORPUS.—A young man, named William Smith, who had been committed to Moyamensing on a charge of passing counterfeit money, was brought before Judge Doran on Wednesday morning on a writ of habeas corpus. His Honor admitted the defendant to bail in the sum of $500. This is the individual who uttered the altered Millington Bank notes.

CITY COUNCILS.—At a meeting of the Common Council held on Thursday evening, an ordinance was passed authorising an appropriation of $100,000 for the further completion of the Girard College. A resolution was also passed requesting the Mayor to have the bells of Christ Church rung on the 22d of February.

ROBBERY.—One of the rooms of the Walnut Street House was robbed on Tuesday evening of jewellery and money to the amount of $200, belonging to a gentleman and his wife boarding at the house.

Death of a Wife by her Husband.

A correspondent of the Boston Mail, from Darien, Geo. states that on the 31st January, the wife of Geo. C. Burton, of that place, died in consequence of the cruelty of her husband. He was reputed a man of wealth, but was a gambler. Mrs. Burton was a beautiful and extremely delicate young woman, and of the last months of her life the correspondent of the Mail thus speaks:—

It is said that for six months past Mr. Burton has made his own house the rendezvous of his gambling associates, and that his wife has confined herself mostly to her own apartments, there, with her little daughter, now about two years of age, she kept herself secluded, and like Rachel, "refused to be comforted."

Her cruel husband seldom visited her except to abuse her, in his hours of phrensy and intoxication. Of late his cruelty has exceeded any thing that I have ever heard of in the most barbarous ages. The unfeeling wretch ordered his wife to wait upon his bacchanalian *friends herself*, and to bring them wine and liquors from the cellar at his command. The poor woman was so broken in spirit—so timid—and so fearful of exposing her unhappy condition to the public, that she obeyed, and became his *slave!*

But she was too weak to perform this duty as he desired, and he beat her for being so tardy in her work! Weeks passed on, and every few days, when in a state of intoxication, he visited his suffering wife, and upon the slightest occasion continued to beat her, sometimes with his fist, sometimes with his cane, until her feeble system sunk under this dreadful infliction, and she expired at midnight, with only her little child by her side, and none to close her eyes in death!

An inquest was held upon the body the next morning, and after a full examination of the case, the jury gave a verdict that she came to her death by violence inflicted by her husband. Mr. Burton was immediately arrested, and is now in jail to await his trial at the next September court. He made no attempt to escape, and expressed no regret for the awful deed which he had committed, but maintained a sullen and dogged silence.

Attempted Suicide.

We take the following sad and melancholy report of an attempt of a young lady of New York to drown herself, from the Express. Her concluding "hope" is an absurdity:—no atonement for such a crime can be made, and we only regret that the law does not furnish a proper punishment for its commission.

"On the night of Friday last, a respectable young lady of Goerk street, after the hour of ten, left her residence bareheaded, under great perturbation of mind, and hastened to the East River, at the foot of Grand street, with intent to drown herself. Her movements were watched by several gentlemen, who gave information to a watchman and requested him to follow her and prevent the catastrophe. He did so, and endeavored to get round the ferry house so as to reach her before she made the fatal plunge, but treading on some oyster shells, made so much noise as to alarm the young lady, who instantly threw herself into the dock. A boat, however, was instantly procured, and by the assistance of a young gentleman rendered to a watchman, the young female was drawn out of the water, and snatched from an untimely grave.

Her name and residence having been obtained, she was taken there and restored to her family and friends. It was ascertained that she had been courted by a young merchant, under pretence of marrying her—that she had been seduced by him, and when called upon to marry her, it was discovered that he was a married man. This discovery, with the delicate situation in which she had been placed, so preyed upon her mind, that in a moment of desperation she planned and endeavored to destroy a life which had become to her a burden; but was happily prevented, as above stated. We hope the seducer will make all the atonement in his power for the ruin he has wrought."

STEAM SHIP ACADIA from Boston for Liverpool arrived at Halifax on the 3d inst. and left on the 4th. She took on board twenty-nine additional passengers at Halifax, making seventy-eight in all.

Congressional News.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 10, 1841.

This morning, after the disposal of some private business, a resolution was adopted discharging the committee of the whole, on to-morrow at 12 o'clock, from all further consideration of the pension bill, and the amendment pending thereto, appropriating $100,000 for the benefit of such Seminole chiefs as may surrender themselves. At the expiration of the morning hour, the members of the Senate appeared in the hall, when the counting of the votes for President, &c. took place.

To-morrow, between the hours of one and three, the President elect receives the fair sex at the City Hall. I do not know what Mrs. Harrison will say to all that.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 11, 1841.

The question pending was on the amendment offered by Mr. Waddy Thompson, appropriating $100,000 for the benefit of such Seminoles in Florida as may surrender themselves for emigration.

At the suggestion of Mr. Graham, Mr. W. Thompson modified his amendment so as to provide that no arms or ammunition shall be given to the Seminoles who may surrender, until they shall have arrived on the western bank of the Mississippi river. The amendment so modified was then agreed to, after which the committee rose and reported the bill as amended, to the House. The bill as amended was then passed.

In the Senate the Bankrupt bill was again taken up, and the pending motion to lay on the table, withdrawn.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 12, 1841.

In the Senate, instead of going on with the bankrupt bill, as was expected, the House bill, authorizing the issue of treasury notes, was taken up and debated by Mr. Benton and others, with much warmth.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 13, 1841.

In the House the only thing of importance transacted was the presentation of a report by Mr. Pickens from the Committee on Foreign Affairs, in relation to that part of the President's Message referred to it, bearing on the burning of the steam boat Caroline and the demand for the surrender of McLeod.—The report goes not only over the whole ground of the subject in question, but touches in all the matters of irritation between Great Britain and the United States, and concludes with the expression of a belief that the whole difficulty may be amicably and honorably settled.

In the Senate nothing important was done.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 15. 1841.

On Monday nothing of importance was transacted in either House.

The House, after the disposal of a bill relating to the sale of lands in Tennessee, went into committee of the whole, and resumed the consideration of the general appropriation bill.

Several amendments in relation to future contracts by the Clerk for stationary, were adopted.

In the Senate, after the disposal of the morning business, consisting of petitions, reports, &c., the House bill, was taken up. A long debate took place on the amendment providing $100,000 for the benefit of such Florida Indians as may surrender themselves for emigration.

Pennsylvania Legislature.

HARRISBURG, Feb. 10, 1841.

A *Veto.*—The Secretary of the Commonwealth presented to both Houses of the Legislature to-day, the Veto Message of the Governor to the bill in relation to the appointment of Canal Commissioners.

Resolved by the Senate, &c. That so much of the Resolutions approved the 3d day of April 1840, providing for the resumption of specie payments by the Banks of this Commonwealth, as provides for the forfeiture of the charters of said Banks, upon their refusal to pay on demand any of their liabilities in gold or silver coin, shall be and the same is hereby suspended until the 15th day of February, 1842: Provided, that nothing herein contained shall be so construed as to revive such penal provisions of any prior act or acts repealed, or supplied by said Resolutions: And provided further that it shall not be lawful for any of the said Banks, neglecting or refusing to pay any of their liabilities on demand as aforesaid, (special deposites excepted) during the period aforesaid, in anywise to increase the aggregate amount of their loans or liabilities. And provided further that any person or persons having any claim or demand on or against any of the said Banks, may recover the same by action at common law.

And the said Resolution was ordered to be printed and made the order of the day for next Monday week.

The Bill repealing the supplements of the last and preceding sessions of the Legislature in favor of the Trenton Railroad Company was opposed some time to-day on constitutional grounds by Messrs. Miles and Law, and advocated by Mr. Crabb, after which it passed second reading by the following vote.

HARRISBURG, Feb. 11, 1841.

The Front street Trenton Railroad Bill came up in order on its final passage, and was debated on constitutional grounds at great length, but was passed on its final reading by a vote of—Yeas, 44; Nays, 43; and sent to the Senate for concurrence.

In the Senate, Petions same as in the House.—Mr. Spackman, from the Committee on Banks, reported a preamble and resolution, recommending that all penalties against Banks for refusing to pay specie on demand for all their liabilities be suspended for forty days from the passage of the same; which resolution was made the order of the day for to-morrow.

HARRISBURG, Feb. 12 1841.

SENATE.—The Speaker presented the proceedings of a meeting of citizens of Mifflin county (George Green, President) asking the Legislature to legalize for an indefinite period the late suspension of specie payments by the Banks, and allow them to issue small notes.

Mr. Heister submitted a Resolution which was adopted, instructing the Committee on the Judiciary to inquire into the expediency of providing by law for the election of Deputies Attorney General, County Surveyors, and Notaries Public, by the people.

The bill to incorporate the York and Cumberland Valley Rail Road got the quietus to day.

Insane Poor.—The bill providing for the erection of an asylum for the insane, passed second reading to-day, with some slight amendments, intended to guard the interests of the commonwealth more carefully, and better to secure the objects of the institution. It is a benevolent object.

HARRISBURG, Feb. 15. 1841.

Nothing worth noticing was done in either branch of the Legislature, except passing finally in the House the bill for the establishment of an Asylum for the Insane, by a vote of 71 to 4.

HARRISBURG, Feb. 16, 1841.

SENATE.—A short time was occupied in the morning in the presentation and reference of petitions, principally on former subjects. A number were received from Bankites in Philadelphia and elsewhere, asking for a legalization of the late suspension of specie payments, and for authority for the Banks to issue small notes.

THE BANKS.—The balance of the day was spent in listening to a three hours' speech of Mr. Penrose. He proposes to authorise the issue of five million dollars worth of certificates of State Stock, to be deposited in the Banks as a basis upon which to authorise them to issue that amount of small notes. The certificates are not to be transferable, except to the holders of the small notes when presented in sums of $100, and are to be deposited with the several Banks of this Commonwealth in proportion to the amount of their respective capital stock.

Political Intelligence.

APPOINTMENTS BY THE PRESIDENT, *by and with the advice and consent of the Senate. Deputy Postmasters.*—William Wyatt, jr., at Augusta, Maine; Adrian Hegeman, at Brooklyn, New York; Samuel Ritter, at Reading, Pa.; David Cathcart, at Dayton, Ohio; Richard J. Crabb, at Annapolis, Md.; Isham G. Searcy, at Tallahassee, Florida; all from the 20th of February, 1841, when their present commissions will expire.

Elisha W. N. Starr, at Middletown, Connecticut, in the place of Joshua Stow, whose commission will expire on that day.

THE CABINET.—Letters received from Washington announce positively, and on the best authority of course, that the new cabinet will be composed thus:—Secretary of State, Mr. Webster; of the Treasury, Mr. Clayton; of War, Mr. Bell; of the Navy, Mr. Granger; Attorney General, Mr. Crittenden; Post-Master General, Mr. Ewing.

Other advices however give the Treasuryship to Mr. Ewing, the Post Master General's place to Mr. Crittenden, and the Navy Department to Preston of South Carolina or Badger of North Carolina.

A RESOLUTION RECONSIDERED.—The Speaker of the U. S. House of Representatives, the Hon. R. M. T. Hunter, has changed his determination not to be a candidate for re-election, and, at the request of a number of friends, has announced his readiness to present himself to his constituents. He says he is, as heretofore, "opposed to a U. S. Bank, a protective Tariff and a system of Internal Improvements by the General Government."

RHODE ISLAND.—The Legislature of this State has authorised the call of a Convention of the people, for the purpose of forming a Constitution; an article with which the law makers have not heretofore been encumbered. A bill was also passed directing the members of Congress to be elected with the State officers, in the spring, in anticipation of an "extra session."

NEW HAMPSHIRE ELECTION.—The election for Governor and Members of Congress of New Hampshire takes place on the second Tuesday in March next. The Members of Congress are elected by general ticket.

CONSTITUTION OF VIRGINIA.—A proposition is before the Legislature of Virginia to submit a question to the people, whether they will authorise another convention to amend the Constitution of the State.

U. S. SENATOR.—Governor Woodbridge has been elected U. S. Senator from Michigan, to take the place of John Norvell, Esq., whose term of service expires on the fourth of next month.

SMALL NOTES.—On Monday, the Senate of Virginia passed a small note bill.

WILLIAM C. DAWSON is a candidate for the gubernatorial chair of Georgia.

WARLIKE.—The citizens of Charlestown, Mass. are holding meetings to "consider upon the prospects of a war, and the defenceless condition of our country."

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, &C.

$2 per annum—$2 if paid in advance; $1,25 in advance for six months.

Postmasters are requested to frank their letters addressed to us. The word "free" of itself is not a frank.

Agents will please endorse their letters with their names [illegible] Agents.

Other letters will not be taken from the Post office unless the postage is paid.

Papers discontinued only at the end of the current half year's subscription, and then only at the option of the Publisher if arrearages are due.

Small Bank Notes of solvent Bank received in payment for our bills.

Agents are earnestly solicited to make quick remittances, without which it is difficult to keep accounts correct. They should always give names and time paid for.

Any person forwarding Ten Dollars current, free of postage, in advance, will be entitled to six copies.

Removals must always state the Post-office removed from, as well as to which the paper is to be addressed.

Travelling Agents.

☞ John H. Thompson, Esq. of Wheeling, Va. has been appointed agent for the Saturday Evening Post and Graham's Magazine in the place of R. J. Garwood, deceased. Subscribers at that place, and those wishing to subscribe for either periodical will be kind enough to call on him.

☞ I. R. James is our general travelling agent, assisted by G. H. P. Stem and Seth T. Brooks. Subscribers and local agents upon whom they may call will oblige us by settling with them.

☞ Wm. McGary is agent for the Post and Magazine at Fayetteville, N. C. Subscribers at said place will oblige us by paying him their subscriptions.

☞ C. W. James, of Cincinnati, Ohio, our old agent is still authorised to collect and receive new subscribers in the States of Ohio and Indiana, assisted by H. M. Lewis and M. Hooker.

☞ D. A. Bulfant, of Jacksonville, Ill. is the agent for the Saturday Evening Post and Graham's Magazine all representations by others to the contrary notwithstanding. We cordially recommend him.

☞ B. G. Easton and I. F. Easton for Illinois, Missouri, Arkansas, Iowa and Wisconsin.

☞ S. H. Stevenson and John P. Johnson for Kentucky.

☞ W. A. Pierce, for Pennsylvania and New Jersey.

☞ J. Ivison, Jr. Auburn, New York, is duly authorised to receive monies due for Saturday Evening Post and Graham's Magazine.

☞ Alamson Billings, Esq. is our agent for Tennessee.

☞ Wm. H. Tutt, Esq. of Versailles, Ky. is our agent, vice John Anderson, Esq. resigned.

☞ L. Tompkins for the New England States. Subscribers who may be waited upon by the above gentlemen, will please liquidate their accounts at once. tf

Financial Record.

New Counterfeits.

Bank of Illinois, Shawneetown, Illinois.—10's, dated May 7, 1839, payable to J. C. Sloo. The right hand margin only tolerably executed, all the rest, and especially the words "Bank of Illinois" and "Shawneetown" wretchedly done, as also the signature of John Marshall.

Bank of Virginia, Branch at Norfolk, Va.—10's, letter D, payable to W. B. Lamb, dated March 9, 1839. W. Dandridge, Cash. J. Brockenbrough, Prest. Signatures engraved.

Farmers' and Mechanics' B'k, Burlington, Vt.—5's, letter A, pay to Samuel Blair. C. F. Warner, Cash. John, Prest. General appearance bad, especially the vignette.

Mechanics' Bank, Concord, N. H.—No such Bank in existence. These bills are signed G. Hosmer, Cash.

Commercial Bank of New York.—5's and 10's, altered from Commercial Bank of Millmington, Md. a broken institution; may be detected by the signatures, W. Adams, Cash. Y. W. Wood, Prest. R. W. Redfield is Cashier.

Seventh Ward Bank, N. Y.—20's altered from 1's. The one's are of course the altered bills, and have for a vignette a female figure leaning on a bale of goods and Mercury with horn of plenty.

Farm. and Mech. Bank, Steubenville, Ohio.—5's, altered from Farmers' and Mechanics' Bank, Burlington, W. T. The vignette, which is totally unlike the genuine bills, is a female holding in one hand a goblet to an eagle. Engraved by Burton & Gurley, N. Y.

Greenwich Bank, N. Y.—1 and 2's of the genuine plate, with forged signatures. The President's name is spelt Saterlee, instead of Satterlee. 10's altered from 1's, in the altered bill the name of the Bank is printed on the top—on the genuine through the centre.

Kingston Bank, Kingston, N. Y.—5's, letters, M, D, pay to A. Harrison, dated Oct. 1, 1837. J. S. Smith, Cash. E. Lumsby, Prest.

Union Bank, Buffalo, N. Y.—5's purporting to be based on Real Estate securities, and may thus be detected, the Union Bank having no such notes in circulation.

Bank of Orleans county, Albion, N. Y.—20's altered from 3's. The vignette at each end of the bill is covered over, as also the two 3's at the top. Easily detected by holding the bill up to the light.

Citizens' Bank, N. Orleans.—50's altered from 5's. The genuine 50's have for a vignette in the centre three female figures, while the 5's have an engraving of the bank.—*Bick. Reporter.*

SALES OF STOCKS.

By the Philadelphia Board of Brokers, for the week ending Thursday.

		price sold for.	par.
250 shares	United States Bank	25½a30	100
1170 do.	Phil. Wil & Balt. R.R.	27a29	50
33 do.	Vicksburg Bank,	7a7½	100
112 do.	Girard Bank,	31a38	50
20 do.	Schuylkill Navigation Co	50¼a50½	100
3 do.	North America Bank,	351a353	400
2 do.	Philadelphia Bank,	80	100
6 do.	Far. & Mec. Bank,	49½	50
1 do.	Commercial Bank,	50	50

THE GALLIPOLIS BANK.—The affairs of this bank are worse than they were at first suspected to be. $80,000 was the *officially reported* amount of the notes in circulation, but it is ascertained that the real amount is nearly $300,000. On an examination of the vaults, $702,000 in notes not signed, and $160,000 of those filled up and signed, of the denominations of 1, 2, 3, 5, 10, 20, 100, were found. And of the 100,000 filled up and signed, it is said the President E. E. Smith's name was a forgery, as it is also on three-fourths of the notes in circulation. In one package, over $400,000 of notes and bills of exchange, drawn by John Murphy and signed by John O. Bailey, and by Morris Sullivan, were found. Those bills were payable some at the U. S. Bank of Pa., and others at Banks in New York. All these were evidently made, and to be used for fraudulent purposes, some of which had been entered on the books as notes discounted, and forwarded to New York for collection.

NEW YORK BANKS.—The eighteen Banks of New York city have an aggregate circulation and deposits of fourteen millions, while their specie does not amount to four millions. The whole of the banks of the State have in circulation and on deposit upwards of $32,000,000 on a specie basis of less than $8,000,000.

FRANKLIN BANK OF BALTIMORE.—The total assets of this institution are officially reported to be $677,487, and its liabilities $407 157, leaving a surplus of $270,330 to be divided among the stockholders; which will be $11 26 on each share—par value $25.

RESUMPTION IN WILMINGTON, N. C.—The Bank of Cape Fear and the Bank of the State, resumed the payments of their liabilities in specie on Thursday, the 3d inst.

BALTIMORE BANKS.—A number of suits have been commenced against the Baltimore Banks, by their note holders.

The Effects of Rum.

The Lowell Courier of a late date details the following fearful story: Last Thursday, Dr. Huntington was called to Mrs. Arvon, a miserable inebriate, living in Belvidere. He left medicine for her and she was again visited Friday and Saturday, and each time was found to have been drinking, notwithstanding the remonstrances of the Physician to the contrary. She, her husband, who had just returned from the House of Correction, and their two little boys, aged seven and nine, all slept in the same room. Sunday morning, one of the boys got up and went into another tenement in the same house, and told a woman whom he found there, that his mother was dead.

Some of the neighbors were immediately summoned, and, upon entering the room, they found that the words of the boy were true, and that his mother was [illegible] would require [illegible] some time during the [illegible] boys. On another [illegible] in the same room, [illegible]ly husband, sound asleep, and entirely ignorant of [illegible] wife's death. The woman had drank a pint of brandy, which she sent for by one of the boys on Saturday; the husband had drank according to his own confession, a pint of rum, procured in the same way, and under the head of the wife's corpse lay a half-emptied rum bottle! The little boy, to protect himself from the cold, had again crawled into bed, beside his mother's dead body, where his brother was also lying.

CON.—When is a bonnet not a bonnet? *Ans.*—When it becomes a woman.

General News.

MCLEOD.—The counsel of this valiant Canadian have published a long letter in the Niagara Courier, in which they state their belief in his innocence of the charge preferred against him, and say that, in attempting to procure his release on bail, there was not the slightest desire on his part to avoid a trial. This will do very well for his lawyers, and reflects great credit upon them; but it will hardly pass current among the Yankees. The Grand Jury of Lockport are now examining witnesses in M'Leod's case. The indictment charges him with the murder of Durfee, who is known to have been killed on board the Caroline. The result of the investigation will not be known for some days, as there are a large number of witnesses, whose testimony will be taken in writing, for future reference.

The Montreal Transcript,—the paper which said that one thousand American lives would be required for "each particular hair" on McLeod's head, should any harm come upon him—in view of the late proceedings at Lockport, has come to the conclusion that "the case has now assumed a serious aspect—and it shall expect to hear of Mr. Fox demanding his passports or McLeod's release."

DISTRESSING ACCIDENT.—The chief engineer of the steamer Pocahontas, Mr. John Schaefer, was killed on Wednesday afternoon by coming in contact with some part of the machinery of the engine. It is supposed says the Baltimore Clipper, when at work and stooping, his head was struck first by a large crank, which felled him into the lower pit, where he was found dead. His left ear was entirely cut off, and his head otherwise much bruised.

Mr. Schaefer was about 22 years of age, and has left to mourn his premature death a young wife, to whom he had been lately married. The accident happened at two o'clock, P. M. off Thomas' Point, about 40 miles from Baltimore. Immediately upon this sad occurrence, Capt. Holmes put back to Baltimore with the deceased.

An inquest was held over the body by Mr. W. T. Rice, Coroner, and a verdict given by the jury of accidental death.

MISSISSIPPI AFFAIRS.—Most gloomy indeed do the official records of this State represent its pecuniary condition. For several years the annual expenditures of the State have exceeded its receipts. For the last twelve months the receipts were $161,000, and the expenses $491,000, or nearly three to one. During the year, the Treasurer was compelled to fail in the payment of a large amount of Auditor's orders.

In the statement of the condition of the Banks, it seems that the greater part have failed altogether. Of the Mississippi Union Bank, founded on the Bonds of the State, a most melancholy account is given. The capital was, we believe, fifteen millions of dollars. Of the *assets* eight millions of dollars are returned, as "unavailing resources," and is of course lost.

MURDER IN NEW JERSEY.—The body of a negro boy, lately in the service of Mr. Applegat of Middlesex, N. J., was found in the woods on Monday last, where it had been concealed by a fellow servant, also a colored lad, about the first of last December. The two boys had been sent out to chop wood when, it seems, that a quarrel ensued between them which resulted in the death of the one by the axe of the other. It has heretofore been supposed that the murdered boy had run away.

SHOCKING ACCIDENT.—A man named Geo. Fletcher was caught in the machinery of Messrs. Phillips and Odenheimer's calico factory in South Trenton, N. J. on Thursday, and mangled so dreadfully that he died in about two hours after the accident. He was coiled entirely round the shaft, stripped of his clothes, a leg severed from his body blow the knee, so that it fell off, and an arm broken near the shoulder. He was an exemplary and trustworthy man, and has left his wife and children destitute.

AN OLD TRICK.—The Munroe Rail Road Bank, at Macon, Georgia, resumed paying specie on the first instant, the teller carefully weighing each piece of silver coin as he paid it out, and by dint of hard labor, succeeded in counting out in the course of the day thirty dollars and some odd cents. The first applicant who had $400, had engaged the services of the teller for two weeks. The branch Rail Road on the first day paid out $26 10 cents.

CASE OF POISONING.—An attempt was recently made to poison the family of Mr. West, in the Parish of St. Helena, Louisiana, by a relative who hoped, by destroying all who stood between himself and the inheritance, to succeed to a large estate. Arsenic was put into a barrel of flour of which bread was made, and caused the death of Mrs. West. A negro woman is not expected to survive. The villian has been arrested.

THOMSONIAN PRACTITIONERS.—A committee of the New York Legislature have unanimously recommended a repeal of the laws prohibiting suits for the recovery of fees by Thomsonian Practitioners, and urging their claims to equal protection with other Physicians. The committee say they consider "the Thomsonian system a decided improvement on and simplification of the regular system."

IMPORTANT BUT DOUBTFUL.—It was rumored at New Orleans, on the 3d inst., that an arrival at Savannah had brought European advices only four weeks old—that Louis Philippe had abdicated the throne of France—the greatest confusion and alarm reigned among the moneyed men in England and France—and that the price of Cotton had fallen lower than ever.

EXEMPLARY DAMAGES.—An action for damages was tried in the Court of Common Pleas of New York, on Thursday last, between William Wilbur and William Sinclair, to compensate the Plaintiff for injury inflicted on him by Sinclair, the defendant, in carelessly throwing a cellar door upon his head as he was coming out of the cellar. The jury awarded him $250.

ONE EYED SOLDIERS.—It is stated that the horror of the conscription in Syria is so great that mothers are in the habit of *extirpating the right eye* of their male children, in order to disqualify them from military service. To put a stop to such an iniquitous practice, the Pacha has ordered into service a regiment of the one-eyed recruits.

EXACTLY SO.—The Boston Post says that two advertisements were recently published in a newspaper; one for a clerk in a store, the other for an apprentice to learn the blacksmith's trade. The number of applicants in one day for the former place, was FIFTY; for the latter, NOT ONE.

EMIGRANTS FOR LIBERIA.—A final decree of the Chancellor in Louisville, Ky., has given freedom to seven or eight slaves of the estate of Lee White, deceased, on condition of their going to Liberia, and requires the payment of their expenses of emigration by the estate.

IMPORTANT LAW SUIT.—It is stated that a very important case will be brought on for trial in the Superior Court of New York on Monday next. It is the case of the loss of the "Home," and is an action brought against the Company for the recovery of the Insurance.

DEATH OF AN AMERICAN CONSUL.—P. R. Parker, Esq., American Consul at Bombay, died on ship board in October last, while on his way to Zanzibar, and thence home. He was but 26 years of age, and is highly spoken of.

GOV. ARTHUR.—It is stated that the Lieutenant Gov. of Canada, Sir George Arthur, with his family and suite, leave for England, in the Columbia from Boston on the first of March next.

FIRE AT BUFFALO.—Four frame houses were burned down in Buffalo, N. Y. a few evenings since. The fire originated in placing refuse ashes in a wooden vessel.

ANOTHER ACCIDENT BY FIRE.—A female was sadly burned by her clothes taking fire on Wednesday evening, in Brooklyn. It is feared she will not recover.

FIRE AT WILLIAMSPORT.—It appears that the late account of a destructive fire at Williamsport, Maryland, was a hoax. The author of it deserves a horse whipping.

A GOOD SHOT.—The Charleston Mercury says that a few days since, a gentleman in the neighborhood of Jacksonboro', killed *four deer at a shot.*

COTTON MANUFACTURES.—One fourth of the Cotton raised in the Southern States, is manufactured into cloth at the North; the remainder is exported.

WOOD ON STOVES.—A family was nearly suffocated in New York on Monday night, by placing wood on the stove to dry before going to bed.

TEA FROM LONDON.—The Samson, at New York from London, has on board one thousand and ninety-two chests of tea.

BANKRUPT LAW.—Resolutions in favor of a bankrupt law have been introduced into the Senate of N. York.

AN ABSURDITY.—To drink rum while water is so much cheaper and more healthy.

M'LEOD INDICTED.—The Lockport Democrat and Balance Extra, of Saturday, February 6, says:—The Grand Jury, after being engaged two or three days in hearing the evidence against Alexander McLeod, came into court this morning, with a bill against him for MURDER.

He will have to remain in jail until the court of Oyer Terminer to be held on the 4th Monday in March unless a special commission of Oyer and Terminer shall issue. Such commission may be issued by the Governor, with the advice and consent of the Senate. A Justice of the Supreme Court or a Circuit Judge must in all cases be appointed to preside in such special Court.

THE SCIENCE OF BALLOONING.—A scientific gentleman of New York insists upon it that he has discovered a means or propelling balloons through the air at almost any required speed and in any direction. He wants Congress to pass a law guaranteeing all the advantages of such an invention for 50 years to any person who will propel and steer a balloon in the air at a rate of not less than ten miles per hour. He thinks that in 1841 if such an act be passed a revolution will be commenced in modes of travelling such as the world has never yet beheld. No doubt; we fear the *revolution* will cost some lives.

THE SERPENT IN THE TABERNACLE.—A singular occurrence took place in Falmouth, (Nova Scotia,) a couple of Sundays since. While the New-Light congregation were engaged in prayer, in their meeting house, a huge grey snake entered the door, and wound itself along up the aisle, towards the pulpit, when it coiled itself away in one corner of the church, and remained quite motionless, excepting its jaws, which it occasionally opened. The congregation became lost in conjecture to know by what means such a stranger could have found its way into the settlement.

AN OLD COUPLE.—An interesting marriage ceremony says the New Orleans Picayune, took place recently in Pekin, Illinois, uniting in holy bands Stephen Mason and Hannah Mason. The ardent Stephen is *seventy-three years of age, and Hannah is blushing sixty-seven!* The lovely pair had been previously married at an early day, lived together forty years, raised and have now living thirteen children. Seven years ago they separated, were legally divorced, and became *free Masons.*

WINDING UP.—Several banks in Massachusetts are closing business, and a call is made upon the holders of their bills to forward them for payment before the period arrives when they will cease to be redeemed. The following named banks are those referred to, viz: Fulton, Commercial, American, Hancock, Kilby and Oriental Banks, at Boston; Norfolk, at Roxbury, Middlesex, at Cambridge; Windsor, at Windsor; Montpelier, at Montpelier; East Bridgewater, at East Bridgewater.

TEXAS.—Galveston papers to the 30th ult. have been received, but contain nothing of importance. Rumors still prevail that Mexico is preparing an invasion, but they are only rumors. A general Bankrupt law has been enacted by Congress. Heavy rains still continued and travelling had been almost abandoned. A man charged with a murder in Mississippi was brought to New Orleans from Galveston on the 3d inst. and delivered to the proper authorities.

SUDDEN DEATH.—A fireman on board the Philadelphia Ice Boat lying at Prime street wharf, Southwark, on Saturday morning, while engaged in emptying some ashes out of a pan, suddenly fell and expired.—The coroner held an inquest upon the body, the jury returning a verdict of "death from apoplexy." The name of the deceased was Richard West. He was 34 years old and has left a wife and children in Philadelphia where he belonged.

ANOTHER DEFALCATION.—*Extraordinary Development.*—Asa Child, late agent of the Rail Road Company, at Norwich, Ct., has turned out a defaulter to the Company of upward of $33,000. It seems that Mr. C. committed no less than eight forgeries in order to carry on his game of embezzlement—and that he perjured himself four times before the Massachusetts Legislature, in order to obtain the grant of $400,000 to aid the Rail Road.

COTTON FACTORY BURNT.—On Thursday of last week a fire broke out in the store house of the Central Manufacturing Company in East Haddam, Connecticut. There was a large stack of cotton on the premises. The fire is supposed to have originated from the spontaneous combustion of a quantity of "cotton waste" which had been allowed to accumulate. There was no insurance. Loss $3000.

A TALKING MATCH lately "came off" at New Orleans for five hundred dollars a side. It continued, according to the Advertiser, for thirteen hours; the rivals being a Frenchman and a Kentuckian. The bystanders and judges were all talked to sleep, and when they waked up in the morning, they found the Frenchman dead, and the Kentuckian whispering in his ear.

THE VATTEMARE INSTITUTE.—A law imposing the necessary tax to raise the funds for erecting a Vattemare Institute passed the Special Council of Montreal on the 5th inst. by an almost unanimous vote. The object of the Institute is to carry into effect the design of national exchanges advocated throughout this country last year by M. Alexandre Vattemare.

SERIOUS FIRE.—On Thursday evening last, a fire broke out in the boarding house on the Main street in Jamaica, L. I., next to the school of Miss Hanna, and destroyed both buildings as well as the adjoining one where the Long Island Farmer newspaper was published. The three buildings were owned by a Mr. Herriman.

SUICIDE.—C. W. Drechler committed suicide at New Orleans, on the 1st inst., by jumping from on board the ferry boat Siamese Twins. Drechler was a Secretary to Gen. Gaines, and an inoffensive man, but unable to bear up against slight misfortunes. He was married and the father of several children.

FATAL ACCIDENT.—A workman named Mr. Jonathan Rutledge, while engaged in making some repairs on the steam engine in Mr. Merrefield's sash factory in Worcester, Mass., was struck on the head by a crank and instantly killed. He was about 25 years of age and has left a wife and one child.

STEAMBOAT LOSS.—The steamer Brian Boroihme struck a snag on the 24th ult., about one hundred miles below Shreveport, on Red River, and went down in a few minutes. The passengers saved their baggage. The boat is a total loss and a portion of the cargo only, consisting of cotton, was saved.

FROM MEXICO.—News from Tampico as late as January, state that the Government had been making great exertions to procure a loan to enable them to fit out an expedition for Texas; but money was scarce—every body was poor—no money could be obtained, and the Texas war is given up.

SERIOUS EXPLOSION.—Two persons were shockingly mutilated by a premature explosion, the other day at the stone quarry of Mr. John Van Buren, at Kinderhook, N. Y. Mr. Van Buren himself was one of them; but it is thought he will recover. He is a cousin of the President.

GONE.—The past year has always been regarded with apprehension. Forty has always been supposed an era in which misfortunes would occur. Louis XV. watched the clock on the night of December 31, 1740, and when midnight passed, exclaimed with great joy, "There, it has passed."

RHODE ISLAND.—The Legislature of Rhode Island have altered the time of choosing Representatives to Congress from August to April. The choice will be made on the day of the annual State election, which takes place on the 3d Tuesday of April.

TEXAS BOUNDARY LINE.—The Commissioners to run the boundary line between Texas and the United States, left Opelousas, on the 21st ult., for the Sabine. The line, it is stated, will be finished in about three months.

PROPER COURTESY.—General Harrison visited the President of the United States on Wednesday last, and dined with him on Saturday. The President returned the visit of the General on Thursday.

MALICIOUS MISCHIEF.—An Indian named Edward Oaley was arrested in New York on Thursday for throwing oil of vitriol on a girl named Hager Kingsland, burning her dress and person very seriously.

INSURRECTION.—It was rumored at Augusta, Ga on the 26th ult. that an insurrection among the blacks was in progress. Some excitement, and several arrests were the consequence.

PUBLIC LANDS.—A committee in the Maryland Legislature have made a report in favor of a distribution of the public lands among *all* the States. Two of the committee dissented.

A CITY BOUGHT UP.—The city of Apalachicola has bought out the city of St. Joseph, and hereafter all the business of the latter is to be united with that of the former.

EDITOR'S RISING.—Mr. Gautier, late editor of the St. Joseph Times, has been elected Speaker of the House of Representatives of Florida.

ATLANTIC STEAMERS.—Two steam ships of 1600 tons each are now building on the Clyde for Mr Cunard.

ANOTHER OUTRAGE AT DAYTON.—The Dayton Journal of the 5th inst. contains the particulars of another disgraceful outrage at that place. About 2 o'clock on the morning of the 4th inst. the houses of several blacks in the outskirts of the town, were fired, and burnt to the ground with their contents. The houses were three in number, and were the property of the occupiers. Although the weather was exceedingly cold, the blacks were not allowed to save any of their clothing, except what they slept in, nor were they permitted to bring any of their property out of the flames. The outrage seems to have been conducted with much deliberation, and few persons know of its commission until the next day; the blacks being forbidden to make any alarm, on pain of instant death. Such occurrences are a stain upon human nature, and while they bring our republican institutions into disrepute abroad, throw discord, confusion and barbarity into the domestic circles. We trust that the strength of the law will be awakened and a stop put to such outbreaks.

GREAT FIRE AND LOSS OF LIFE.—At Quebec, on the morning of the 4th inst., a great fire occurred, by which much property was destroyed, and four persons perished. The fire commenced in the shop of a Mr. McAdams. The neighbors were awakened by an explosion, and the flames were seen bursting out of the show window of McAdams' shop, and rushing almost across the street. The house was burned down, and the fire spread to a Mr. Smillie's shop, and ascended to the second and third stories. Mr. Smillie, his wife, a servant maid, and two apprentices, slept in the third story. Poulson, an apprentice, the only one saved, jumped out of a window. The rest perished.

The fate of Mr. Smillie and his family has occasioned a melancholy sensation among all classes of the citizens. He was a person of great respectability and excellent character.

SINGULAR AND FATAL ACCIDENT.—A laboring man named Christopher Shank of Cayuga County, N. Y. was killed on the 30th ult. while splitting some maple logs. He had succeeded in splitting one of them in the ordinary way, but wishing to avoid the great labour thus required, procured a blast of powder and applied a slow match. By some means this ignited sooner than was intended, and the plug was driven into his head a little below the right eye, proving instantly fatal. The plug, it appeared, passed so far through the head, as to strike with great force upon the back part of the skull, and thence bounding back was found at a distance of 18 inches from his body.—Mr. S. was a worthy man, between 30 and 40 years of age, and has left a wife and four small children to mourn his death.

COMMON CARRIERS.—The Court in Bank, (the Court of last resort in Ohio,) have decided that proprietors of stage coaches are common carriers—that as such, they are responsible for the safe conveyance of passengers and baggage—that their giving notice to the contrary cannot relieve them from liability—that a watch is a customary article of baggage, and the trunk of a traveller the proper place for its deposite—that the stage proprietor will be charged if it be lost. We very often observe in the advertisements of stage proprietors, "*all baggage at the risk of the owner?*" There have been numerous decisions of late upon this point, in different States of the Union, all of which coincide that such a notice avails nothing.

FIRES IN NEW YORK.—A frame house, No. 30 Vandewater street, New York, was entirely destroyed by fire early on Monday morning. It was occupied by several poor families who barely escaped with their lives. The adjoining houses were partially damaged. On the same morning the steamboat Cinderella caught fire, while lying at Whitehall slip, but was saved from serious damage. On Monday afternoon, about 2 o'clock, the distillery occupied by Hitchcock and Schneck, in Sheriff street between Stanton and Houston, took fire and was totally destroyed.

UNITED STATES BANK.—The citation issued at the relation of Andrew Miller, Esq., against the United States Bank, to show cause why its charter should not be forfeited, was on Monday (as we predicted) dissolved, by the payment of the demand in gold coin by the Bank. Mr. Miller then commenced similar proceedings on a demand for $1250 in notes, which had been refused by the Bank. Other citations were issued upon smaller amounts by different individuals, among which was one for ten dollars by George Alberti.

GRAMMATICAL.—"Sammy," said a fond father to his son who was just studying English grammar, "our cat caught a rat,—in which case is the noun cat in this sentence?" "The nominative" replied Sammy. "Very good—very good, indeed—but the rat,—is the rat in the nominative case, too?" "Why no, sir" hesitated Sammy, "the rat sir, is in—is in—yes sir, the rat is in—." "What?" "why sir, he's in a *very bad case* indeed, sir!" You're a smart boy, Sammy, you are—you may go down head.

ROBBING A FEMALE DOCTOR.—A man named James Gardner was convicted in Boston, on Saturday last, of robbing Mrs. Ruth Wheeler, a female physician, of $1794. Gardner was studying the mysteries of the healing art under the lady's tuition, and having gained her confidence in money matters, availed himself of an opportunity to plunder her money bags. The trial lasted four days, but the jury were out only half an hour.

SHOCKING DEPRAVITY.—A mulatto woman was nearly burned to death on Saturday last, in Baltimore. She resided in a miserable and infamous neighborhood, known as Salley, back of Frederick street, and had gone to bed, when a negro woman who lived in the same house placed a quantity of shavings under the clothing and set fire to them. The woman was so horribly burned that the flesh dropped from her bones.

THE SUSPENSION.—The Banks of Richmond, Va. still continue to pay specie. The Exchange and Farmers' Banks of Petersburg pay out small sums only, but the Virginia Bank pays in full. The Banks of North Carolina remain firm in the resumption, and those of South Carolina will probably do likewise.—The Georgia Banks have generally resumed and will it is believed, continue to pay out specie.

THE GARRICK.—All efforts to get the hull of this vessel over the outer bar on the coast where she was stranded, have been suspended until the spring tides. She has been well secured by anchors in all directions, so as to prevent any working and it is hoped, from her strength and excellence of model, that she will remain sound until there is sufficient water to float her off.

NEWSPAPERS IN CINCINNATI.—There are now published in Cincinnati, Ohio, no less than thirty-six newspapers and literary periodicals of all descriptions and characters. The circulation of none of the dailies exceeds one thousand. In 1826 there were but nine newspapers and one periodical published there.

FOUL MURDER.—A man named Wm. Cook, in Van Buren county, Ark., recently murdered a young man, who had not injured him, named McNemmee, merely, as he said, to see how he would feel after shooting a man! The sum of $500 is offered for his apprehension!

MAIL ROBBER ARRESTED.—The Wheeling Times says that on Wednesday last, a man named Culley, who had robbed the Merchants' Bank of Ithica, N. Y., of $8,560, was arrested in that city, and a little over half the amount lost recovered.

SUMMARY JUSTICE.—A petition has been presented to the Legislature of Mississippi, praying that all the rogues of the State be disposed of in a summary manner, by "hanging all public defaulters and banishing the swindlers."

ARSON.—An American, named E. W. Brewster, was on the 3d instant, arrested at Quebec for arson, in setting fire to a house in St. John street, which he had hired, and on which he had effected an insurance for £900.

FATAL CASUALTY.—A man named George Lewis was knocked overboard from the schooner Levant, on Friday evening last, and drowned. The vessel was going from Severn river to Norfolk, Va.

ERICSSON'S PROPELLER.—It is stated that a merchant at Boston is building a ship at Medford, to be provided with steam power, on Ericksen's principle. It is estimated that the cost will be $70,000.

ODD, BUT RIGHT.—Gen. Leakin, foreman of the grand jury, Baltimore, has presented to the judges of the city court, the practice by magistrates, of committing accused persons for farther examination.

ANOTHER DEFAULTER.—The cashier of the Chicopee (Mass.) Bank, is said to be a defaulter to the amount of $12,000 to $15,000. His bond, however, affords ample security against a loss to the Bank.

THE PRINCE OF CANADA.—Baron Sydenham issued his proclamation, for the union of the provinces of Upper and Lower Canada, on the 5th instant. The union dates from the 10th of February.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.—The House of Representatives of Massachusetts has passed a bill abolishing capital punishments, except for offences against life.

THE PITTSBURG BANKS are still paying out specie on all their obligations.

BURNED TO DEATH.—A distressing occurrence took place in Horsham Township, Montgomery county, on the night of the 5th inst., at the public house of Mr. Jacob Kirk. An unusual light being discovered in an upper room, a number of neighbors proceeded to the house and, upon ascending to the chamber, found the housekeeper, Sarah Swisher, burned in a shocking manner and lying amid the flames of her half consumed bed. The fire was speedily extinguished, but the unfortunate woman was dead, and the cause of the accident can only be conjectured. No other person was in the house at the time, and several fragments of burnt clothing were found between the kitchen and the chamber, it is supposed that the dress of the deceased took fire in the former place, and that she ran up to her room in the hope of smothering the flames in the bed clothes.

NEW YORK STOCKHOLDERS.—A meeting of the New York Stockholders of the U. S. Bank was held at the City Hotel in that city on Monday evening last, but as there was a great diversity of opinion in relation to the affairs of the Bank, and the kind of feeling required to save those interested from losses, no action was effected, and those assembled adjourned to meet again on Tuesday night. It was stated at the meeting that $7,000,000 worth of the stock is held in New York.

SHOT MACHINE.—Mr. Levi Magee of Baltimore has invented a machine for casting shot, which will cast one thousand leaden balls in a minute, and may be made to produce ten times as many by increasing the number of moulds. The machine contains a number of moulds, which pass with a rotary motion under a kettle of melted lead, from which they are filled, and is so constructed that it may be carried from place to place. It is a great acquisition and will no doubt prove extremely useful.

COUNTERFEIT SCRIP.—Counterfeits of the Indiana State Scrip, of the $50 plate, have been put in circulation at the West, so ably executed as to render it extremely difficult to distinguish the false from the genuine! The only discoverable difference is in the filling up and the color of the ink and paper, which in the counterfeits are heavy and dark.

LEEKS AGAINST FLIES.—A correspondent of the Boston Times gives the annexed receipt for preventing flies from "making tracks" on furniture. "Let a bunch of leeks soak four, five or six days in a pail full of water, and wash your picture or any other piece of furniture with it. The flies will never come near any thing so washed.

MARINE DISASTERS.—The Pilot Boat U. States, of Baltimore, went ashore in a snow storm on the 5th inst. near Smith's Island, and was totally lost. The crew were saved. The schr. Tigress of Georgetown, D. C., bound for Baltimore, was discovered on Wednesday aground below Norfolk dismasted and abandoned.

A FLOOD EXPECTED.—It is stated that three times more moisture has fallen in the vale of the Mississippi, during the month of January, than is common. Such an unusual fall of rain and snow will keep the river very high until the spring floods, when a vast overflow must be the consequence.

THE FLORIDA INDIANS.—Col. Harney and General Armistead are pursuing very different schemes for the disposition of the Indians in Florida. The former hangs nearly all he captures with arms in their hands; the latter accepts their submission and gives them passports to migrate.

FEMALE HOMICIDES.—Two colored women were convicted of manslaughter in New York on Tuesday last: their names are Phebe and Catharine Squires. Their victim was a black girl, named Romana De Castro, whom they killed with a flat iron, in an affray last November.

FIRE AT UTICA.—On the morning of the 4th inst. a large wooden building on Nail Creek, owned and occupied by Messrs. Cahoon, Gaston and Ivins, in West Utica, was destroyed by fire. It was occupied as a tallow chandlery, fur-dressing, and saleratus factory.

FATAL CASUALTY.—A two horse mail stage, which runs between Galena and Dubuque, while on the Mississippi, broke through the ice on the 30th ult., and the mail, horses, carriage, and a passenger named Taylor, all went to the bottom.

SUPPOSED MURDERESS.—A woman who has been residing at Rochester, N. Y. for some time, was arrested a few days ago, and charged with the commission of three murders about two years since. Others are implicated who are yet at large.

DESTRUCTIVE FIRE.—The Railroad Depot at Clinton, Miss., was recently destroyed by fire, with all its contents. About 200 bales of cotton and a large quantity of other merchandise were consumed, occasioning a loss of $40,000.

A BEAUTIFUL PAIR.—A man named Peter B. Keogh, and his good lady, were recently committed to Chicago jail for shoplifting.

Deafness.

We call the attention of our readers to the following remarks, on a subject which at this time is exciting very general interest—the gentleman who handed it in for publication, has had ample means for testing the science and skill of Dr. Partridge, and we believe he has no other motive than the public good, in giving publicity to his opinions:

Perhaps there is not a disease to which we are subject, that has so generally baffled the skill of our most eminent Physicians and Surgeons, as Deafness. From the complicated organism of the ear, it follows necessarily that like the eyes, it must be subject to a great variety of diseases; while many of the diseases of the one sense, must bear a striking analogy of those of the other. As the organ of the ear, however, is less exposed than that of the eye, it is without doubt, much more difficult to become acquainted with the immediate seat of its diseases, and even with the exact bearing, which every particular part sustained in the general phenomenon of hearing.

I have been led to make these few remarks, in consequence of having read an article some time since, published in the Medical Journal, relative to the successful treatment by Dr C. H. Partridge of this city, of cures of deafness. I have taken considerable pains to make myself acquainted with such cases as circumstances permitted me to examine, and am much gratified in being able to add my testimony to that of the many, who have experienced his beneficial care and skill. His mode of treatment, and the remedies employed, while differing considerably from those generally used, are still among the most simple, while the benefits derived by those patients under his care, in cases of deafness and other diseases of the ear, are indeed very great—those persons, therefore, who are suffering under this distressing complaint, and consequently deprived of much of the pleasures of social intercourse, and the greater inconvenience in the transaction of business, are advised to give the Doctor a call. H.

STRABISMUS OR SQUINTING.—Within the last three months, Dr. Crossman has cured forty-two persons of Squinting. With four the eye turned outwards, with thirty-eight the obliquity was inwards from infancy. We have seen a number of these cases. The position of the eyes now appears perfect—no one could possibly tell that there had existed a previous deformity. Several had been operated on once or twice before by persons incompetent—this had made the operation exceedingly difficult, on account of abnormal adhesions, consequently great caution should be used in the choice of surgeons in the first attempt if persons are anxious to be relieved. Dr. Crossman's success in curing, as a matter of course, proves his skill. So far, he has had no equal in this country, and perhaps in no other. Certainly, no one has pretended to perform the operation without assistance. But this he has done with the greatest facility in upwards of twenty instances, in the presence of some of the most respectable physicians and gentlemen in Philadelphia, by a most ingenious apparatus of his own invention. The operation was consummated on a highly respectable young gentleman not far from our office, a few days ago, in fifteen seconds. It must certainly be gratifying to those laboring under this misfortune and disagreeable deformity, to learn that they can be so speedily and easily relieved.—*Public Ledger.*

☞ COUGHS.—It should be remembered that a Cough is always an evidence that the lungs are encumbered with morbid humors, which, if not soon removed, will so irritate those delicate organs as to lead to inflammation of the lungs; a disease which we all know is the HIGH ROAD TO CONSUMPTION.—The *Indian Vegetable Pills* have the merit of being a safe, easy and CERTAIN CURE for Colds, Coughs, &c; because they carry off those humors which, when deposited upon the lungs, are the cause of these dangerous complaints; and as the above named *Indian Vegetable Pills* can never injure even the most delicate, and are certain in all cases to give relief; it is presumed few will be content to suffer from disease of any kind, when by a few doses of the INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS, *they can be restored to perfect and sound health.* For sale at 169 Race street, Philadelphia. feb 20—1t

USEFUL Invention.—Aaron A. Tentler, begs most respectfully to acquaint the citizens of Philadelphia city and county and the public generally, that he has obtained and just received from the U. S. Patent Office, a Patent for an invention and improved system for cutting Ladies' Dresses, Habits, Capes, Collars, Cloaks, &c. &c.

Aaron A. Tentler, the Patentee, begs leave to announce to the Ladies of Philadelphia and its vicinity, that he intends to give instruction in the above newly improved art of Cutting, and in soliciting their patronage, invites their kind attention to the peculiar advantages this novel invention possesses—1st. As it is taught with Arithmetical precision, its exact and just fit combined with neatness and elegance, stands hitherto unrivalled.—2d. What is the most surprising and equally as useful of this novel method, is to impart to his pupils the whole knowledge of Cutting, in less than three hours, and to become equally as competent as the Patentee himself.—3d. and last, though not the least, this truly useful art, so requisite a female accomplishment, either as an amusement or actual branch of domestic affairs, may be so easily acquired, no lady should neglect the present opportunity but make early application to the Patentee. Cutting room, No. [illegible] Arch street below Third street. Hours to be seen from 10 until 1, and from 3 to 6 P. M. feb 20 3m

The Postage Law.

One of the most ridiculous ideas that was ever advanced, by way of suggestion, is the proposition made by the agent of the Post-office department, since his return from Europe, to *have all newspapers perfectly dry, at the time that they are mailed.* Who does not see, that no subscriber out of the county, in which a paper is printed, would have the news until it was several days old, and that even those in the same county, would be deprived of the news one day at least,—*if the paper had to be mailed,*—in consequence of the *drying process.* And what would the department gain? Nothing. Absolutely nothing, but *additional mail-bags.* Every office would fill twice the number, as the *bulk, of papers,* would be increased, in proportion as they were dried.

That a reform in the Post-office laws, is necessary, will not be disputed by any. But the reform must commence at the fountain head, and it will have a wide sweep before it reaches a point so ridiculous, as the one just stated. The report abounds however, we are free to say, with wise suggestions, and with hints which our national legislature, would do well to improve upon. The very first in importance, is that which urges a repeal of the franking privilege, by members of Congress, and the State Legislatures, a privilege which should be much modified, if not entirely abolished. There is also another suggestion founded in right and justice, which relates to the equalizing of the rates of postage on news-papers and magazines. It is the grossest injustice, to tax a newspaper which costs but a penny, as much as one, that is ten times its size and weight, and to lay an impost of seven cents and a half upon magazines of three sheets, when, a news-paper, that contains as much, and weighs more, is carried for a penny and a half at furthest.

The Post-office laws must be reformed. The rates of letters must be lessened, and of news-papers equalized, and those of magazines, which are devoted to the improvement and the elevation of the moral condition, and the tastes of the people, must be reduced, and equalized with news-papers. This all parties must approve.

Health Office, February 13, 1841.

INTERMENTS

In the City of Philadelphia, Southwark, Northern Liberties, Moyamensing, Penn Township, and Kensington. From the 6th to the 13th February

DISEASES.	Adults.	Children.	DISEASES.	Adults.	Children.
Apoplexy,	1	0	Brought over,	33	29
Asphyxia,	0	1	——Bronchi,	0	2
Croup,	0	3	——Lungs,	3	2
Congestion of the Brain,	3	0	——Stomach,	1	0
Childbed,	1	0	—— " and Bowels,	0	1
Consumption of the Lungs,	12	4	——Bowels,	0	1
Convulsions,	1	3	——Liver,	1	1
Diarrhœa,	0	1	——Breast,	1	0
Dropsy,	1	0	——Pleura,	1	0
——Head,	0	7	——Throat,	0	1
Disease of the Heart,	1	0	——Peritoneum,	1	0
——Lungs,	1	1	Intemperance,	1	0
Drowned,	1	1	Marasmus,	1	2
Dysentery,	2	0	Nervous Irritation,	0	1
Debility,	1	2	Old Age,	3	0
Enlargement of Heart,	1	0	Palsy,	1	0
Effusion on the Brain,	0	1	Rheumatism,	1	0
Fever,	1	1	Small Pox,	0	1
——Scarlet,	0	2	Still Born,	0	7
Inflammation of Brain,	0	1	Suicide,	1	0
			Suffocation	1	0
			Unknown,	0	1
			Vomiting of Blood,	0	1
Carried over,	33	29	Total,	100 —— 40	30

Of the above there were 12 from the almshouse, and 15 people of color, which are included in the total amount.

By order of the Board of Health,

SAMUEL P. MARKS, Clerk.

State of the Thermometer.

		9 o'clock.	12 o'clock.	3 o'clock.
Feb.	7,	34	36	36
	8,	31	34	35
	9,	33	34	34
	10,	27	33	33
	11,	16	19	21
	12,	10	14	17
	13,	12	19	22

Review of the Philadelphia Market for the week.

REMARKS.—The market continues inactive, and money is extremely scarce and demands 1½ to 2 per cent. per month for the best paper.

In Bark and Coffee we have no sales to note, and the market is scarcely supplied.

COTTON—Market quiet, and prices fully supported.

FLOUR AND MEAL—Since our last report the price of Flour has declined, and the sales have been to the extent of 6000 bbls for export, nearly all to England, at $4.56 per bbl, part fall, part delivered. Some sales at $4.62½. To day most holders ask $4.62½, while some are willing to sell at $4.56¼. A sale of Brandywine Flour at $4.62½. Rye Flour—Sales at $3. Corn Meal is steady at $2.50 in hhds.

GRAIN—No supplies have arrived by water, and the stocks in store are light, and the demand limited. A sale of Penna. yellow Corn at 46 cts.

HEMP—200 bales Manilla have been taken at $130 to $134 per ton, part cash, part 4 mos.

MOLASSES—About 240 hhds good new crop Trinidad have been sold at 25 cts per gallon, on time. By auction, on Monday, 306 bbls New Orleans sold at 25a26 cts, nearly all at the latter price 4 mos.

PROVISIONS—No sales of any magnitude have taken place in Beef, Pork or Bacon. A further sale of Western Lard at 7½ cts for No. 1.

SEEDS—Cloverseed is in good request at $4.75 to $5 per bushel, and very prime $5.06a5 12½.

SUGAR—By auction 42 hhds fair to good New Orleans were disposed of at 7½ cts per lb, 4 mos.

TEAS—The market continues without any activity.

WHISKEY—Hhds are dull of sale at 19 cts, sales in bbls at 21 cts.—*North American.*

Retail Prices in Market.

Venison, per lb.	10a15	Mince Meat, jar,	$1
Terrapins, half doz.	75a83	Souce Cheese, lb.	9a10
Pigs' Feet, set,	10a18¾	Dried Plums, qt.	15a20
Beef, best, per lb.	10a12½	Sausages, stuffed, lb.	11a12½
" middling,	6a 8	Sausage meat,	10a11
" Corned,	7a 9	Potatoes, peck,	18a20
Veal,	6a 9	Apples, "	25a40
Mutton,	5a 7	Parsnips, qr peck,	3a 4
Pork, fresh, per lb.	6a 8	Pickles, per 100,	25a40
" pickled, "	6a 9	Beets, bunch,	3a 4
Hams, Jersey, new,	6a 8	Carrots, "	2a 3
" Cured,	12a13	Cabbage, head,	3a 8
Dried Beef, "	11a18¾	Lettuce, "	1a 2
Beef's Tongue,	56a62½	Turnips, peck,	12a18
Butter, lb.	20a25	Onions, rope,	5a 7
Lard, "	10a12½	Sweet Potatoes, ¼ pk.	12a16
Cheese, "	6a12½	Dried Cherries, qt.	5a 6
Eggs, per doz.	22a25	Lima Beans,	18¾
Chickens, pair,	50a75	Cellery, bunch,	3a 6
Pheasants, pair,	75a87½	Dried Peaches, ¼ pk.	20a25
Quails, each,	10a12½	" Whortleberries,	12a15
Turkeys,	75a81¼	Cranberries, qt.	8a10
Pigeons, pair,	20a25	Dried Apples, ¼ pk.	20a25
Salmon, pickled, lb.	15	Indian Meal, ¼ peck,	10a12½
" dry, lb.	25	Rye Flour, qr cwt.	44a50
Flounders, fresh, lb.	7a 8	Wheat " "	81a87½
Perch, string,	10a20	Buckwheat, "	68a81¼
Pickled Cod, lb.	5	Pumpkins,	3a 6
Rock, "	15a25	Chestnuts, per qt.	10a18¾
Ducks, pair,	62a75	Walnuts, peck,	25a30
Geese,	50a75	Shellbarks, per qt.	5a 6
Guinea Fowls, pair,	37a50	Hominy,	8a10
Rabbits,	12a15	Horseradish, root,	2a 3

We have not witnessed a thinner market during the winter than that of to-day. Prices in consequence generally advanced a trifle.—*Public Ledger.*

HIRSTS' SEED WAREHOUSE, No. 37 South 4th st. east side 3 doors North of Chesnut, and 1 square South of Market street, Philadelphia.

The subscribers offer for sale, the largest and finest collection of articles in their business to be found in America.

WARRANTED Vegetable Garden, Field and Grass Seeds of the purest quality. The collection contains all the finest standard sorts, with 150 entirely new and superior varieties of all the principal kinds. Am. growth.

FLOWER SEEDS in the choicest sort, the most superb collection to be found in the country, contains over 800 entirely new sorts, raised and selected expressly for this establishment by first florists, in Great Britain, France, Germany, Holland and America, and to be obtained at no other establishment.

BULBOUS ROOTS, in their various seasons, as Double and Single Named Hyacinths, Tulips, Anemones, Ranunculus, Polyanthos Narcissus, Amaryllis, Tuberoses, Gladiolus, Tigridas, Crocus, &c. in the most select variety, our own growth, or imported direct from the best cultivators in Holland.

FRUIT and ornamental Trees, and Shrubberies.

GREEN and Hot House Plants of the finest kind.

BOOKS on Agriculture, Floriculture, and Rural Economy.

AGRICULTURAL Tools and Implements of the best kinds. French Sugar Beet, Mangel Wurtzel, and Ruta Baga Seeds for cattle.

FRESH BIRD SEEDS, as Canary, Rape, Hemp, Maw, Millet, Rough Rice or Paddy, &c.

Bird Cages, Bird Founts, Canary and other Birds of fine song, Fish Glasses for Gold Fish. Bulb and Hand glasses.

☞ SOUTHERN and Western merchants dealing in Seeds can be supplied by the lb. or in packages, to suit each one distinctly labelled, and containing practical directions for its culture. Catalogues gratis. Communications will be instantly attended to. Orders from a distance will be faithfully attended to as though the purchaser were on the spot.

H. S. & P. M. HIRST,

Seedsmen and Florists.

jan 16 3m

PRIVATE Sale of Land, Mills and Water Power.—The subscriber offers at private sale his property (formerly Jn. Bartons) situated on the big Fishing Creek, in Bloom township, Columbia county, Pa. 2½ miles from Bloomsburg, and 2 from the canal at Espy, containing about 35 acres of land. The improvements are a grist and merchant mill 40 by 55 ft. 3 stories high, with 3 run of stones, 2½ burr and 1 country stone, with machinery for cleaning grain, &c. There is adjoining the grist mill a woollen factory 27 by 37 ft. with machinery for manufacturing cloth, sattinett, &c. There are also 2 dwelling houses. In short this property is well worth the attention of business men, being one of the best water powers in the country, having 9 ft. head and fall, with the privilege of turning in the whole of big Fishing Creek, and in a good neighborhood for buying grain.

It is also a first rate situation for iron works, there being iron ore of a good quality within half a mile. Persons wishing to enter into that business would do well to look at this before engaging elsewhere. For further information inquire of the subscriber on the premises.

DAVID PHILLIPS, Espy P. office,

Columbia county, Pa.

jan 30 3m*

TICKLING COUGH, SORE THROAT and Irritations of the Bronchia or Windpipe, are the most prevalent diseases of the winter season. They are not only extremely annoying, but are the usual precursors and immediate cause of those pulmonary affections which sap the foundation of life and terminate only with the dissolution of their victim. In all these affections there is either an inflammation of the fine skin which lines the inside of the throat and windpipe or a lengthening of the uvula or pendulum of the palate, which descends, so as to constantly tickle the root of the tongue or the upper part of the Trachea or Windpipe, thereby creating cough, hoarseness, difficulty of breathing, sore throat and discharges of phlegm, and sometimes of blood. These diseases are speedily and effectually cured by the use of JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT AND ASTRINGENT GARGLE.

Numbers of persons are daily cured by these valuable preparations, who otherwise would probably fill an untimely grave.

Prepared and sold at No. 20 South THIRD street, Philadelphia. Advice may always be had gratuitously.

dec 19 3m

SILK Worm Eggs.—Pea Nut and Seina White Silk Worm Eggs of the first quality for sale by the subscriber at 390 Market street.

N. B. Also Piedmontese Silk Reels.

feb 20 tf CHAS. CADWALLADER.

ALMANAC.

Feb. 1841.	SUN RISES.	SUN SETS.	HIGH WATER.	MOON'S PHASES.		
20 SATURDAY,	6 37	5 23	1 20			
21 SUNDAY,	6 36	5 24	2 3	D. B. M.		
22 MONDAY,	6 34	5 26	2 20			
23 TUESDAY,	6 33	5 27	3 24			
24 WEDNESDAY,	6 32	5 28	4 7	Full	5	11 31
25 THURSDAY,	6 31	5 29	4 53	Last	13	1 [illegible]
26 FRIDAY,	6 30	5 31	5 43	New	21	6 6
27 SATURDAY,	6 29	5 32	6 20	First	28	0 40

Philadelphia Post Office.

Arrivals and Departure of Mails.

Eastern arrives ab't 8 A.M.	Eastern closes at 4 P. M.
New York at 8 A. M. and 9 P. M.	New York at 5 A. M. and 4 and 5½ P. M.
Southern, 12 A. M.	Southern closes at 10 P. M.
Western, 5½ A. M & 5½ P.M.	Western at 5 A. M. 5½ P. M.

Married,

On the 11th inst. by the Rev. Thomas Brainerd, ALEXANDER LOCKART, of Mauch Chunk, to GRACE C. ADAMS, of this city.

On the 3d ult. by the Rev. Wm. Shadrach, Mr. GEORGE COOK, to Miss MARY WILLIAMSON, daughter of Mr. Peter Williamson, of Woodville, N. J.

On the 9th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Converse, Mr. J. H. TYLER, of Richmond, Va. to MARIA LOUISA CONVERSE.

On the 11th inst. by the Rev. Jas. W. Dale, GUSTAVUS S. BENSON, to MARGARET F. daughter of the late Doctor Richard C. Dale, of Delaware.

On the 9th inst. by the Rev. J. Coleman, THOS. A. NORGRAVE, of Southwark, to M. JANE, daughter of the late Capt. Richard Read, of this city.

On the 10th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Morton, JOHN C. ENGELMAN, of U. N. Liberties to ROSINA daughter of Daniel Kockersperger, of Francisville.

On the 7th ult. by the Rev. T. L. Burrows, Mr. JOHN H. WILSON, to ANN JANE JOHNSTON, of this city.

On the 9th inst. by the Rev. T. H. Stockton, JOSEPH S. BONSALL, to EMMA J. only daughter of the late Dr. Chas. Warner, of Bordentown, N. J.

On Thursday, the 11th inst. by the Rev. W. H. Odenheimer, HENRY PEPPER, to SALLY, daughter of Joseph F. Norris, Esq.

At Christ Church, St. Louis, on Thursday, January 28th, by the Rev. Mr. Peake, Mr. JOHN HANCOCK, of Lexington, Ky. to Miss EVELINE MARIA, only daughter of Mr. John Parham, of Philadelphia.

By the Rev. George Chandler, on the evening of the 11th inst. Mr. ROBERT ALLEN, to Miss MARY LOWAS.

By the same, on the evening of the 14th inst. Mr. JOHN SHULLING, to Miss CATHARINE M. BROWN.

On the 3d inst. by the Rev. J. P. Bety, ALBERT G. EMERICK, to Miss ELIZABETH L. daughter of Isaac Shunk, Esq.

On the 11th ult. before Morton M'Michael, Esq. ALLERTON S. PERKINS, to ANNA MARIA THOMAS, both of Montgomery county, Pa.

On Tuesday morning, 16th inst. by the Rev. Henry J. Morton, GEO. W. CARPENTER, to ELLEN DOUGLASS.

On the 10th inst. by the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Mr. DAVID ABOUD, of the city, to Miss WILHELMINA B. COULSTON, of Spring Garden.

On Tuesday evening, 16th inst. by the Rev. Albert Barnes, WILLIAM ROBEY, Jr. of Baltimore, to REBECCA, daughter of John Robey, of this city.

On the 21st ult. at Lancaster, Pa. by the Rev. Mr. Keenan, Mr. MICHAEL GOGAN, to Miss MARY MCGRANN.

On the 16th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Brainerd, Mr. J. C. CHANCE, to MARY A. eldest daughter of J. Ogden Evans.

On the 11th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Rodney, of Germantown, CHARLES ROBERTS, to Miss CATHARINE HEFT, both of Philadelphia county.

Died,

On the 19th inst. in the 23th year of her age, ELIZABETH, wife of Henry Kronghem.

On the 19th inst. Mr. WILLIAM ELLIOTT, Sr. in the 93d year of his age.

On the 19th inst. JOHN BOYD, son of James and Sarah Wright, aged 2 years and 7 months.

On the 11th inst. Mr. JOSEPH TRUMBLE, in the 37th year of his age.

On the 16th inst. JOHN CHARLES, infant child of Wm. H. and Eliza Miller.

On the 10th inst. of consumption, ISRAEL WAGNER, in the 22d year of his age.

At Crown Point, N. Y. Jan. 14, Rev. JAMES MURDOCK, aged 86 years. He graduated at Yale College in 1774.

On the morning of the 11th inst. Mrs. ELIZABETH JONES.

On the 9th inst. THOMAS HOPKINS, in the 73d year of his age.

On the 7th inst. at Chestertown, Md. of a short but severe illness, ELIZABETH, wife of John L. Stam, formerly of this city.

In Newburyport, on the 8th inst. WILLIAM BARTLET, aged 93 years.

In Salem, N. H. JONATHAN EMERSON, aged 78 years, a revolutionary pensioner.

On the 12th inst. of consumption, in the 36th year of his age, REES WARD.

On the 13th inst. Mrs. ELIZABETH, wife of Wm. Coments, aged 36 years.

On the 14th inst. Mrs. MARY ROBINSON, consort of John Robinson, in the 59d year of her age, after a lingering illness, which she bore with Christian fortitude.

On the 13th inst. MARY, wife of Peter Widdows.

On Monday morning, 15th inst. after a short but severe illness, Miss HELENA, daughter of Joseph Warham, Esq. in the 19th year of her age.

On the 10th inst. of consumption, JOHN FRANCIS, in the 36th year of his age.

On the 6th inst. Mrs. JANE BROWN, in the 89th year of her age.

In New York, on the 14th inst. SAMUEL S. WISTOM, in the 14th year of his age, eldest son of Wm. A. Wistom.

At Dayton, Ohio, in September last, after a lingering illness, Col. CHARLES LACOCK, formerly of Philadelphia. His family and friends will have the consolation to know that although in a strange land, he was surrounded by friends by whom he was much esteemed.

On the 16th inst. Mrs. TACEY SEEMAN, consort of Christian Seeman, in the 44th year of her age.

On the 15th inst. MARION, daughter of Alexander and Agnes G. Kirkwood, in the 4th year of her age.

On the 16th inst. in the 23d year of her age, SARAH, daughter of Joseph P. Horner, Esq.

Of pulmonary disease at his farm near Fallsington, Bucks county, Pa. on the 12th inst. HARVEY GILLINGHAM. He maintained to the very last, that love of justice and practical virtue, that kind and cheerful disposition for which he was so justly characterized. His bodily distress at times was very great, still he enjoyed the society of his amiable family, but whose untiring attentions could not prevent the grave from claiming its victim.

To the Citizens of New England.

IMPORTANT CAUTION.

Whereas, a young man by the name of Franklin O. Howard, formerly a clerk in the office No. 198 Tremont street, Boston, having recently advertised in the Boston Daily Times that said office is removed, and that he is the agent for the sale of the Indian Vegetable Pills, or Indian Purgative of the North American College of Health—this is to inform the public that no such removal has taken place, and that F. O. Howard is an impostor; he not only having no appointment for the sale of said medicine, but was a short time ago actually dismissed from the business on account of certain irregularities, which his own conduct may compel me hereafter to make public.

The citizens of New England are therefore cautioned against purchasing medicine of said F. O. H. as he cannot by any possibility *honestly* have the genuine Indian Vegetable Pills for sale.

Agents are also earnestly requested to be on their guard, as it is feared he will endeavor to palm himself on them as the authorised agent, and thus pass upon them a counterfeit, and perhaps dangerous article.

Purchasers will observe, the genuine medicine has

WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS

Indian Purgative, of the North American College of Health, on the sides of the boxes, and that all others are counterfeit, intended not only to deceive the unwary, but to bring the genuine medicine into disrepute.

The only office in Boston for the sale of the Indian Vegetable Pills, is at

198 TREMONT STREET.

Principal Office and General Depot,

169 RACE STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

WILLIAM WRIGHT.

Vice President of the N. A. College of Health.

Philadelphia, Jan. 1, 1841. jan 16—3m

DAVID EVANS' Patent Water and Provision Coolers, Filterers, Fire Proof Iron Chests, Doors, and Hoisting Machines, manufactured and sold at No. 76 south Second street, south-west corner of Carter's Alley, Philadelphia.

D. Evans still continues to manufacture his Patent Water and Provision Coolers, and Filterers, of which upward of three hundred are now in successful operation. The water for use is contained in stone jars, zinc vessels being rejected in consequence of their injurious properties.

Having received instructions from JOHN SANDERSON the celebrated Filterer preparer, he is now ready to furnish said article as good as those manufactured by the inventor, and always keeps on hand an assortment of the same, warranted equal to any, capable of filtering from 1 to 60 gallons of water per hour. All Filterers warranted for two years.

He also continues to manufacture his Patent Hoisting Machines, both double and single, of which there are now upward of 600 in operation in the cities of Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore, New Orleans, Mobile, &c. &c. and as an evidence of their superiority, he refers to those whom he has sold them for the fact that no accident has ever occurred in the use of them.

He likewise manufactures Fire Proof Iron Chests, (without using wood or plank of any kind,) for the safe keeping of books, papers, money, jewellery, silver plate, &c. lined with a composition calculated to resist the greatest degree of heat, with superior Locks, and finished in the best manner.

Always on hand, *Fire Proof Doors, Truck Wagons,* Vault Grates, Stoves, &c. all manufactured of the best materials and most approved construction.

The public are respectfully invited to call and examine the above articles before purchasing elsewhere. jn 23 1y

THE

INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS,

Of the North American College of Health.

"The Art of Healing had its origin in the Woods, and the Forest is still the best Medical School."

THIS extraordinary medicine is founded upon the principle that the human frame is subject to

ONLY ONE DISEASE

viz. corrupt humors, which, when floating in the general mass of the circulation, are the cause of all kinds of Fevers, but when lodged in the various parts of the body, give rise to every malady incident to man.

Let it be remembered that the human body and said

INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS

are mutually adapted one to the other, and that by them all morbid and corrupt humors (the cause of disease) can be entirely eradicated, and this in so easy and natural a manner, that while they every day give ease and pleasure, DISEASE OF EVERY NAME IS LITERALLY DRIVEN FROM THE BODY.

The following highly respectable citizens of the United states have been appointed agents for the sale of the above valuable medicine.

PENNSYLVANIA

Philadelphia City and County.

James Knox, shoe dealer, corner of South and 2nd streets, Philadelphia.
Rev. Wm. R. Maxwell, 309 N. Front street.
Samuel Hess, grocer, corner of Schuylkill Eighth and Vine streets.
Mrs R. Dodd, Market st. above Schuylkill 5th st.
Henry Frees, grocer, Germantown.
James Whitehead, grocer, Manayunk.
Jesse Hawkins, Bustleton.
E. C. Edwards, Bustleton.
Geo. W. Hansel, West Philadelphia.
Thomas B. Martindale, Byberry x Roads.
R. Evans, Hestonville.
Mrs. Heastall, Frankford.

Delaware County.

John G. Dyer, Chester.
Alexander Morehead, Leiperville.
Hugh & Lloyd, Darby.
Charles P. Bunting, Marcus Hook.
Jefferson Lewis, Birmingham Township.
Abigail Fisler, Coatesville.
J. G. Henderson, Radnor.
Wm. Speakman, Edgemont.
Wm. Fairbank, Ivy Mills.
S. P. Harrison, Springfield.
Wm. Speakman, Dilworthtown.
Lloyd & Son, Darby.
Samuel Riddle, Middletown township.

Chester County.

George Martin, Marshallton, county agent.
S. M. Paynter, Westchester.
W. M. Beckman, Gallagherville.
Jacob Ridge, Downingtown.
George Thompson & Co. Jennersville.
Isaiah Thorp, Valley Forge.
Wm. Rhoades, Cochranville.
Joseph Cary, Coventry.
John M'Kinley, Lyonville.
Cooper & Hudson, Pennington ville.
L. K. Browne, Oxford.
Charles Wallace, Russelville.
E. R. Evans, Phœnixville.
F. Setzler, Lawrenceville.
Joseph D. Chambers, Unionville.
S. & F. Hunter, Gulf Mills.
James M. Watson, Centreville.
George W. Lefevre, Chatham.
Henry Metzer, Spires.
Preston Ayers, Valley Store.
Joseph Pattou & Son, West Fallowfield.
Samuel Wells, Coventry.
Isaac Price, Schuylkill Post Office.
Baugh & Fisher, Charlestown x Roads.
J. & G. Shoffner, Pikeland Township.
Levi W. Hooper, Kennett Square.
Pennock Marshall, New London x Roads.
Wiley & Irwin, Black Horse.
Samuel Hughes, Smithfield.
Mrs. Rachel Sims, Brandywine township.
John Griffith, Youngsville.
Joseph Hughes, Clingan's x Roads.
Catharine Fine, Sadsburyville.

Montgomery County.

Edmund Wright, near Hinckle's Tavern, Norristown.
H. G. Hart, P. M. Hickorytown.
Richard Robb, Moreland township.
Harper & Smith, Lumberville.
John Patterson, Lower Merion.
Jonathan Morris, Bridgeport.
Samuel Markley, Bakersville.
Mathias Young, Montgomeryville.
Oliver Welden, Montgomery Square.
Wells & Schrack, Conshohocken.
Robert T. Potts, Swedeland.
Joseph Royer, Trappe.
Eleaser Bitting, Hatfield township.
Michael Shoemaker, Skippack.
T. H. Wentz, Centre Square.
Jacob Kolp, Spring Mill.
Detwiller & Hunsicker, Lower Providence township.
J. Zeigler, Lederachville.
D. N. Egbert, Lower Merion Square.
Jonathan Gilbert, Doylestown.
Henry Morris, Willow Grove.
Jonathan Bitting, Flourtown.
Wm. Rankin, Huntingdon.
Isaiah Lukens, Springhouse.
Joseph Jenkins, Jenkintown.
Herman Yerkes, Whitemarsh township.
E. Graffe, Barren Hill.
George S. Williams, Whitemarsh Village.
N. Evans, Lower Merion.
John Baker, Kulpsville.

Bucks County.

Isaiah P. Smith, Doylestown.
Tomlinson & Co. Newtown.
Fretz & Johnson, Hatboro'.
Thomas Lanyon, Newport.
Samuel Eelle & Co. Addisonville.
Ely & Livesey, Centreville.
John Davis, Davisville.
Isaiah Delaney, Southampton township.
A. G. & B. A. Hines, Wrightstown.
Benjamin Worthington, Brownsville.
Cyrus Betz, Pleasantville.
Cyrus Livezey, Lumberville.
Isaiah James, Milltown township.
Wm. B. Kemmerer, Springtown.
James Polk, Whitehall Bridge.
Wm. Brady, Jamison's Corner.
J. R. & S. Bolleau, Kintnersville.
E. & W. Stichter, Stony Point.
David Fretse, Fishersville.
Joseph Landes, Danboro'.
John Enghart, Hartsville.
Isaac Thomas, Upper Dublin.
John W. Stackhouse, Hulmeville.
Parry & Brittain, New Hope.
Elias Tillyer, Springville.

Lancaster County.

John Zimmerman, Lancaster.
S. M. Harris, Salisbury.
James M. Spurran & Co. Fairfield.
Levi Haines, Quarryville.
Benjamin Brenanan, Hart township.
Benjamin Bower, Strasburg.
H. & N. E. Slaymaker, Williamstown.
A. K. Whitmer, Paradise.
John Gross, Ephrata.
Jacob & Samuel Miller, Brickerville.
Desbong & Clauser, Hinkletown.
Jacob Hart, Beartown.
Davis Wallace, Earl township.
Frederick G. Lennert, Letiz.
Peter Good, Earl township.
A. L. & L. Custer, New Holland.
J. Woodcock, Front street, Columbia.
S. M. Kerencer, Churchtown.
Wm. Buchanan, Cambridge.
Thomas Hines, Intercourse, and Henville.
J. & H. Bruner, Bird in Hand.
John B. Brubaker, Petersburg.
John R. Diffenbach, Marietta.
Wm. S. Campbell, Maytown.
Benj. Hammond, Hammondsville.
John Pusey, Chesnut Level.
John Shaffer, Manheim.
Jas. B. Farree, Mountjoy.
Sweigart & Shirk, Springville.
W. & S. Watson, Dromore township.

☞ Nine or ten names of agents for this county are lost.

Northampton County.

Samuel Saylor, Easton.
Matthew Krause, Bethlehem.
John D. Harman, Jr. Harman's Quarries.
Daniel Kittler, Butztown.
John Losser, Freemansburg.
Peter Shaffer, Hellertown.
D. S. & S. Weaver, Weaversville.
George Weber, Kreidersville.
Abrm. Gish, Berlinsville.
Jacob Bauman, Lehigh Gap.
D. Heberling, Weissport.
Caspar Christman, Mauch Chunk.
W. H. Cool, Beaver Meadow.
John Smith, Black Creek.
Reed & Butler, Rockport.
Adam Hower, Hower's Mill.
Daniel Siegfried, Bath.
John Beitel, Nazareth.
J. & A. Long, Williamsburg.
P. A. & S. Small, York, York county.
Thomas Shay, Cornwall, Lebanon county.
Charles Ogilby, Carlisle, Cumberland county.
David Oaks, Chambersburg, Franklin county.
Wm. Bell, Harrisburg, Dauphin county.
S. Winchester & Son, Jersey Shore, Lycoming county.
John Gaddis & Son, Uniontown, Fayette county.
John Thompson, grocer, 163 Liberty street, Pittsburg, Allegheny county.

Berks County.

Adam Miller, New Store, Amity township.
D. D. Knabb, Oley.
John C. Evans, Morgantown.
Henry McKinsey, Douglassville.

NEW JERSEY.

Gloucester County.

Cornelious Kelly, Little Egg Harbor.
Mrs. S. E. Mansell, Camden.
Mrs. A. B. Sailor, Woodbury.
Hellman & Lippincott, Haddonfield.
Mathew M. Mountain, Berkley.
Isaac Doughton, Westville.
P. H. & C. Sickler, Squankum.
John S. Champion, Ellisburg.
Jacob Price, Paulsboro.
John F. Doughton, Moorestown.
Josiah Pancoast, Mullica Hill.
W. Warrick, Glassboro.
J. Albertson, Longacoming.

Salem County.

Charles W. Roberts, Salem.
Harrison & Smith, Quinton's Bridge.
John H. Lambert, Allowaystown.
H. & J. Hunt, Sharptown.
Samuel Callahan, Lower Penn's Neck.
John L. Leap, Skulltown.
Flitmer & Hancock, Canton.
Mark Bradway, Hancock's Bridge.
Charles Wood, Pittsgrove.
Hamilton M'Alister, Mannington Hill.
Whitaker & Trenchard, Centreville.
John Peterson, Lower Penn's Neck.
John Lummerville & Son, Penn's Grove.
Madara & Frees, Woodstown.

Cumberland County.

Riley & Reeves, Bridgeton.
Isaac D. Titsworth, Shiloh.
Philip Pithian, Roadstown.
Daniel M'Duffee, Deerfield.
D. & J. Lore, Port Elizabeth.
James W. Compton, Mauricetown.
Lewis Smith, Dividing Creek.
Henry Williams, Newport.
Ogden & Settimer, Cedarville.
Daniel Clark, Fairton.
Lewis Mulford & Son, Millville.
Warner & Brooks, Greenwich.

Cape May County.

James Diverty, Dennis Creek.
Samuel Townsend, Goshen.
Samuel Springer, Dyer's Creek.
M. Marcy, Green Creek.
Daniel Hildreth, Cold Spring.
James Hildreth, Cape May.
Ephraim Hildreth, Middle township.
Samuel Bishop, West Creek.
D. E. Estel, Stevens' Creek.

Burlington County.

J. G. Cromwell, Burlington.
Cornelius Kelly, Little Egg Harbor.
G. Perrow, Pemberton.
J. W. Wright, Columbus.
J. & S. Smith, Juliustown.
P. C. Doughton, Lumberton.
S. Brown, Wrightstown.
Daniel L. Platt, Jacobstown.
John P. Budd, Buddtown.
Wm. Allen, Bass River.
Mrs. Julia Hall, Lower Bank.
Wm. Sooy, Green Bank.
Thomas H. Shinn, Cross Roads.
J. B. Woodward, Recklesstown.
Benjamin Kemble, Jobstown.
G. S. Woolman, Rancocus.
J. J. Stack, Marlton.
Haines & Scattergood, Unionstown.
Wm. Oliphant, Eayrestown.
Rosina Stack, Mansfield.
C. & B. Shreeve, Medford.
J. Bemer & Brother, Newark, Essex county.

Atlantic County.

John Richards, Gloucester Furnace.
T. C. Scull, Mount Pleasant.
James Tilton, near Bakersville.
Wm. S. Bacon, May's Landing.
M. S. Thompson, Pleasant Mills.
James Smith, Absecum.

DELAWARE.

Newcastle County.

Wm. Solomon & Sons, grocers, Wilmington.
Eli Chandler, near Smith's Bridge.
James Darling, New Castle.
Moses Palmer, Brandywine.
Edward Quinn, Stanton.
Thomas Lockwood, Frederica, Kent county.

MARYLAND.

Isaac F. Cook, 58 Market street, Baltimore.
Francis B. Crookshank, Cecilton.
A. Hunt, grocer, Frederick city.
Evans, Morgan & Co. Havre de Grace.
Charles G. McFadden, Harford.
Charles W. Parker, Elkton.
Thomas Moffit, North East.
William Grant, Charlestown.
Emily Owens, Gurleytown.
Davis & Byrne, Perryville.
Andrew Kidd, Port Deposite.
Samuel Rowland & Co. Rowlandsville.
Jona Butler, Cumberland.
F. Humrickhouse, Hagerstown.
George Reed, Greensboro.
Robert Parsham, Washington City, D. C.

VIRGINIA.

Jacob Gooding, Triadelphia.
James Melor, 36 Union street, Wheeling.
Shipman & Roler, Mount Crawford.
George W. Bell, Accomac county.
Samuel Griswold, Clinton, Ga.

NEW ENGLAND office, 198 Tremont street, Boston.

PRINCIPAL OFFICE 169 RACE ST. PHILA.

☞ Country printers are requested to compare their lists with this.

Application for agencies to be made at the principal office, 169 Race street, Philadelphia. dec 19 3m

THE OLIO.

"Variety's the spice of life,
That gives it all its flavor."

From the New Orleans Picayune.

The House of Lords.

Get out! this 'ere the House of Lords!
This small room with red 'bense';
And that 'ere arm chair, too, the throne—
Where majesty sits [illegible]!
And them 'ere Lords! a-hangin' their hats,
And lollin' on the benches—
And them 'ere Bishops!—in their gownds,
Lookin' like fancy wenches!

Good gracious! that the Chancellor,
On the floor, on a big cushion;
And which they call the woolsack—where
To sit so many's wishin';
And that 'ere Prime Minister, a
Pickin' of his teeth;
And Brougham, blowin' of his nose
Very much about his teeth.

Well, lucky, gaity, what a [illegible]
And that 'ere one is Lyndhurst;
A "Boston boy," and who to be
A Lord, now think it sin, [illegible];
And that old chap, great Wellington!
Lookin' as to a door;
Hands upon his breast, and his
Old hat upon—his nose;

It's very strange, and very like
A reg'lar inquisition;
A set like them, attendin' to
A whole nation's condition;
The only genteel lookin' ones
Of people 'bout the floor,
Is them in black knee breeches there,
Attendin' at the door.

And this 'ere little "gallery,"
Carpeted with red baize;
And the "Reporters," writin' off
All that down stairs they says:
The door-keepers a-lookin' you,
And frownin' if you speak;
Makin' you take your hat off, and
Your shoes too, if they creak.

A voice below sings out, "My lords
Message from House of Commons"—
A wakin' up the Bishops, and
The Lords and other sum 'uns;
And then the Chancellor gets up,
And walks down, very grand;
And then walks back, the "message" in
A red bag, in his hand.

And then they take the message out,
Then they the message read;
And then they have a talk, and which
Repeat we doesn't need;
And then there comes "My lords" again,
And then another walk;
And then another readin' it, and
Then another talk.

And then, to hear the kind of jaw
They make of a debate;
One half they say you doesn't hear,
And to'ther's nothin' great;
And then of what you catches, of
Tw listenin', and strainin';
It's ev'ry other word "mistake,"
While between is the explainin'.

The Duke of Wellington gets up!
And then you holds your breath;
The Toryship a talkin' out;
The Whigs is still as death;
And first of all he drops his hat,
Then staggers as he lifts it;
And then 'a turns his fingers, so
From hand to hand he shifts it!

And then you hear a sound, betwixt
A squeakin' and a tumblin';
And then a word—and then a stop—
Then, three or four come tumblin';
And now you catch a sentence—now
You lose 'bout all—
And if you can help cryin', you'll
Be very apt to laugh!

"Question!"—oh! "Clear this gallery"—
Hallo! what's this about!
"Come you must move, sir—Can't if they
Aint turnin' of us out!
It's personal; dont say a word—
They say that "Strawn was there;
Dont talk—we just consider it
A personal affair!

[illegible]

Norwegian Watchmen.—The extraordinary cries of the watchmen of Drontheim cannot but appear singular to the stranger. As each hour elapses, they are prepared with a different kind of exhortation or prayer; which, forming a sort of tune or chaunt, is sung by them during the dreary hour of the night. The following is a curious specimen of one of them; it is a literal translation:

Ho! the watchman, ho!
The clock has struck ten,
Praised be God, our Lord!
Now is the time to go to bed,
The housewife and her maid,
The master as well his lad.
The wind is south east,
Hallelujah! praise be to God, our Lord!

The nather, or watchman, is armed with an instrument as remarkable as his cry, being nothing less than a long pole, at the end of which is a ball well fortified with iron spikes. This formidable weapon is called *morgen stierne*, or morning star does little, however, but grace the hand of the Norwegian watchman, honesty is so common in the North, and theft, as well as most other crimes, are comparatively of such rare occurrence, that his office is attended with little trouble or danger.—*Travels in Norway, by A. DeCapell Brooke, M. A.*

Hiberno Celtic.—The following will do for a tolerable *Hibernicism*. "Wat you say, Sair?" said a Frenchman, to a raw bog trotter who had just stepped from a newly arrived vessel on the Levee, "I no understand you, Sair?"

"I want to know do ye's sell on tick in this town, and can you tell me where to buy a dinner—on tick, mind ye?"

"Tick, sair?"

"Yis, where do they sell on tick?"

"Sell tick?"

"To be sure, sell tick, can ye tell a poor hungry divil where to get a dinner on tick?"

"Sair," said the polite Frenchman, with a bow, "I no comprehend sell tick," and he walked off.

"Why, the spalpeen of a fellow thinks I'm talking Irish," said Pat, "telling me he doesn't understand Celtic, when it's pure mother English I've been talking all the time.—*N. O. Pic.*

"A Touch above the Common Run."—The editor of the Reading, Pa. Gazette gets quite rhapsodical while describing a sleigh-ride. He scorns vulgar prose and breaks out in poetry, the following verse from which is a fair sample:

"From sparkling eyes to drink in draughts of bliss,
From rosy lips to *steal* the honied kiss—
And whilst the fair one 'gainst your side *reposes*,
To escort her to the drifted snow-so-s!"

Oh! Moses! The same editor winds up with the emphatic exclamation—"we are not married, thank heaven!" He ought to be thankful, for if he had a wife she would probably lock him out doors after such "goings on," and compel him to wander about in the *snow-so-s* all night.

Curious Economy.—There never was a wiser maxim than that of Franklin. "Nothing is cheap which you do not want." Yet how perfectly insane many people are on the subject of buying cheap things. "Do tell me why you have bought that cast off door plate?" asked the husband of one of these notable bargainers. "Dear me," replied the wife, "you know it is always my plan to lay up things against time of need; *who knows but you may die, and I may marry a man with the same name as that on the door plate!*"

Fair Trade.—A country greenhorn, after being joined in the chains of wedlock, was asked, by one of the guests, a friend, if he had paid the parson, to which he replied, "Oh, no, he's owing father for a peck of beans, and we'll make a turn."

"Jim!"

"Well!"

"I can't find any thing soft enough to sit on."

"Try your head."

Whoppers.—The clown, Pentland, says his sister Peggy has such everlasting big feet that she has to get out of bed to turn over!

Conundrum.—Why is a young lady like a careful housewife?—Because her *waist* is as *little* as she can make it.

The Truant Husband.

"The painful vigil may I never know,
That anxious watches o'er a wandering heart."
Mrs. Tighe.

It was past midnight, and she sat leaning her pale cheek on her hand, counting the dull ticking of the French clock that stood on the marble chimney-piece, and ever and anon lifting her weary eye to its dial to mark the lapse of another hour. It was past midnight, and yet he returned not! She arose, and taking up the lamp, whose pale rays alone illumed the solitary chamber, proceeded with noiseless step to a small inner apartment. The curtains of his little bed were drawn aside, and the young mother gazed on her sleeping child! What a vivid contrast did that glowing cheek and smiling brow present, as he lay in rosy slumber, to the faded, yet beautiful face that hung over him in tears! "Will he resemble his father?" was the thought that passed for a moment through her devoted heart, and a sigh was the only answer!

'Tis his well known knock—and the steps of the drowsy porter echoed through the lofty hall, as with a murmur on his lip, he drew the many bolts and admitted his thoughtless master. "Four o'clock, Willis, is it not?" and he sprung up the staircase—another moment he is in her chamber—in her arms!

No reproaches met the truant husband, none—save those she could not spare him, in her heavy eye, and faded cheek—yet these spoke to his heart.

"Julia, I have been a wandering husband."

"But you are come now, Charles, and all is well."

And all was well, for, from that hour, Charles Danvers became an altered man. Had his wife met him with frowns and sullen taunts, he had become a hardened libertine; but her affectionate caresses, the joy that danced in her sunken eye, the hectic flush that lit up her pallid cheek at his approach, were arguments he could not withstand. Married in early life, while he felt all the ardor, but not the *esteem of love*; possessed of a splendid fortune, and having hitherto had the entire command of his own pleasures, Danvers fell into that common error, of newly married men—the dread of being controlled. In vain did his parents, who beheld with sorrow the reproaches and misery he was heaping up for himself in after life, remonstrate; Charles Danvers turned a *deaf* ear to advice, and pursued, with companions every way unworthy of his society, the path of folly if not absolute guilt. The tavern, the club-room, the race-course, too often left his wife a solitary mourner, or a midnight watcher.

Thus the first three years of their wedded life had passed—to him in fevered and restless pleasure, to her in blighted hope, or unmurmuring regret. But this night crowned the patient forbearance of the neglected Julia with its just reward, and gave the death blow to folly in the bosom of Danvers. Returning with disgust from the losses of the hazard table, her meekness and long suffering touched him to the soul; the film fell from his eyes, and Vice, in her own hideous deformity; stood unmasked before him.

Ten years have passed since that solitary midnight, when the young matron bent in tears over her sleeping boy. Behold her now! still in the pride of womanhood, surrounded by their cherub faces, who are listening ere they go to rest to her sweet voice, as it pours forth to the accompaniment of her harp an evening song of joy and melody; while a manly form is bending over the music page to hide the tear of happiness and triumph that springs from a swelling bosom, as he contemplates the interesting group. Youthful matrons! ye who watch over a wandering, perhaps an erring heart—when a reproach trembles on your lips towards a truant husband, imitate Julia Danvers, and remember, though hymen has chains, like the sword of Harmodius, they may be covered with flowers; that unkindness and irritability do but harden, if not wholly estrange the heart—while on the contrary patience and gentleness of manner (as water dropping on the flinty rock will in time wear it into softness) seldom fail to reclaim to happiness and virtue the Truant Husband.

Never Look Sad.

Never look sad, nothing so bad
As getting familiar with sorrow;
Treat him to-day in a cavalier way,
And he'll seek other quarters to-morrow.

Long you'd not weep could you but keep
At the bright side of every trial;
Fortune you'd find is often most kind
When chilling your hopes with denial.

Let the sad day carry away
Its own little burden of sorrow,
Or you may miss half of the bliss
That comes in the lap of to-morrow.

Epigrams.

There is no kind of wit which pleases us more than a good, pungent epigram. In this description of *humor* the English language is very rich. In almost all our great poets we meet with epigrams continually, and they are scattered "thick as autumnal leaves" throughout the humbler walks of letters. Dr. Johnson has written one upon George II. and his poet-laureat, Cibber, which, for grave sarcasm, is almost unexcelled:

"Augustus still survives in Maro's strain,
And Spenser's verse prolongs Eliza's reign;
Great George's acts let tuneful Cibber sing,
For nature made the poet for the king."

One of the wits of Queen Anne's time thus writes concerning a notorious plagiarist by the name of Moore:

"Moore always smiles whenever he recites;
He smiles (you think) approving what he writes—
And yet in this no vanity is shown;
A modest man may like what's not his own."

Here is another on Cibber:

"In merry old England it once was a rule
The king had his poet and also his fool;
But now we're so frugal I'd have you to know it,
That Cibber can serve both for fool and for poet."

Robert Tannahill, a Scotch poet, is the author of a pretty little epigram on woman:

"Nature, impartial in her ends,
When she made man the strongest,
In justice then, to make amends,
Made woman's tongue the longest."

Garrick is the author of a capital epigram on Sir John Hill, a physician and dramatist. We believe that it runs thus:

"For farces and physic
His equal there none is;
His farces are physic,
His physic a farce is."

Dr. Aldridge's "five reasons for drinking" contain a good deal of humor mixed with their epigrammatic point, and undoubtedly give the true philosophy of the toper:

"Good wine; a friend; or being dry;
Or, lest we should be, by and by,
Or any other reason why."

There is a smart epigram made by some wit on the circumstances of a card-playing young lady marrying her gardener:

"Trumps ever ruled the charming maid,
Since all the world would pardon her;
The destinies turned up a spade—
She married John the Gardener."

Byron, we believe, is the author of the following couplet on a selfish politician, who committed his speeches to memory:

"C— has no heart you say,—but I deny it—
He has a heart—*he gets his speeches by it*."

In "Don Juan" there is a great number of excellent epigrams, but so mixed up are they with the reflections of the poet that separation would materially dull their point. We conclude with one from Tom Moore:

"I never gave a kiss, says Prue,
To naughty man, for I abhor it.
She never gave a kiss, 'tis true,
She'll take one tho', and thank you for it."

N. Y. Mirror.

By and Bye.—There is one point, says the Boston Mail, in the evidence introduced during the trial of Mrs. Kinney, on which the spectators who heard the testimony of the witnesses are quite undecided: it is, whether Mrs. Kinney, when her husband was dying, said "Good! by George!" or "Good bye, George!"

Sentiment.—You may place a hundred handsful of fragrant herbs and flowers before the nightingale, yet he wishes not, in his constant heart, for more than the sweet breath of his beloved rose.

The Ringlet.

Oh, treasured thee by passion's slave,
Dear relic of the by-gone year;
Say what remains of her who gave?
The vain regret—the useless tear.
The clasping hands—the throbbing brow—
The murmuring of that shadowy word,
To which had answered once—oh! now,
Why is that light quick step unheard?

[illegible] in these splendors is found,
That such a start of no one claim?
A word is but an empty sound—
Alas! it is—it was—her name!
It was—yes she was once! so gay,
As full of life, as aught that lives;
The breath—the life—hath passed away,
But not the pang her memory gives.

Bright tresses! thy beauty bringeth now
A thousand dreams of rapture gone;
The melting eyes, her radiant brow,
The low, light laughter of her tone.
Gazing on thee, again she stands
Before me, as in days of old,
With all her young heart's shining bands,
And all its wavy curls of gold.

Till as I view thee, silken tress,
I feel within my suffering heart—
The all which now my sight can bless,
All that of her will not depart.
Oh! thou that wert life's dearest prize,
That now art but a thought of pain;
Why do thy tones—thy laughing eyes—
Rise up to wring my soul again!

I roam in vain; the sun that beams
Is still the sun we looked upon;
My hand, my lonely hand, in dreams,
Seeks still for thine to clasp its own,
My heart resists all time—all change,
And finds no other form so dear,
My memory, where'er I range,
Clings to the spot where thou wert near.

Change! thou wert all life's scenery;
To me, the billowy, bounding wave—
The wide green earth—the far blue sky,
Form but the landscape of thy grave!
Oh! bitter is their boon of life
Who cannot hope—who may not die—
I linger in a world of strife,
Whilst thou art in the happy sky!
I envy thee the peace thou hast,
And, but 'tis sin, the knee would bow,
That He who made thee all thou wast,
Would make us all—that thou art now!

Master Humphrey's Clock.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

[Continued from our last.]

This hopeful pupil edified by the above terrible reproval, the bachelor turned to another.

"But if we talk of examples to be shunned," said he, "if we come to boys that should be a warning and a beacon to all their fellows, here's the one, and I hope you won't spare him. This is the lad, sir; this one with the blue eyes and light hair. This is a swimmer, sir, this fellow—a diver, Lord save us! This is a boy, sir, who had a fancy for plunging into eighteen feet of water with his clothes on, and bringing up a blind man's dog, who was being drowned by the weight of his chain and collar, while his master stood wringing his hands upon the bank, bewailing the loss of his guide and friend. I sent the boy two guineas anonymously, sir," added the bachelor, in his peculiar whisper, "directly I heard of it; but never mention it on any account, for he hasn't the least idea that it came from me."

Having disposed of this culprit, the bachelor turned to another, and from him to another, and so on through the whole array, laying for their wholesome restriction within due bounds, the same cutting emphasis on such of their propensities as were dearest to his heart and were unquestionably preferable to his own precept and example. Thoroughly persuaded in the end that he had made them miserable by his severity, he dismissed them with a small present, and an admonition to walk quietly home, without any leapings, scufflings, or turnings out of the way; which injunction (he informed the schoolmaster in the same audible confidence) he did not think he could have obeyed when he was a boy, had his life depended on it.

Hailing these little tokens of the bachelor's disposition as so many assurances of his own welcome course from that time, the schoolmaster parted from him with a light heart and joyous spirits, and deemed himself one of the happiest men on earth. The windows of the two old houses were ruddy again with the reflection of the cheerful fires that burnt within; and the bachelor and his friend, pausing to look upon them as they returned from their evening walk, spoke softly of the beautiful child, and looked round upon the churchyard with a sigh.

CHAPTER THE FIFTY-THIRD.

Nell was stirring early in the morning, and having discharged her household tasks, and put everything in order for the good schoolmaster (though surely against his will, for he would have spared her the pains,) took down, from its nail by the fireside, a little bundle of keys with which the bachelor had formally invested her on the previous day, and went out alone to visit the old church.

The sky was serene and bright, the air clear, perfumed with the fresh scent of newly-fallen leaves, and grateful to every sense. The neighboring stream sparkled, and rolled onward with a tuneful sound; the dew glistened on the green mounds, like tears shed by good spirits over the dead.

Some young children sported among the tombs, and hid from each other with laughing faces. They had an infant with them, and had laid it down asleep upon a child's grave, in a little bed of leaves. It was a new grave—the resting-place, perhaps, of some little creature, who, meek and patient in its illness, had often sat and watched them, and now seemed to their minds scarcely changed.

She drew near and asked one of them whose grave it was. The child answered that that was not its name; it was a garden—his brother's. It was greener, he said, than all the other gardens, and the birds loved it better because he had been used to feed them. When he had done speaking, he looked at her with a smile, and kneeling down and nestling for a moment with his cheek against the turf, bounded merrily away.

She passed the church, gazing upward at its old tower, went through the wicket-gate, and so into the village. The old sexton leaning on a crutch, was taking the air at his cottage door, and gave her good morrow.

"You are better?" said the child, stopping to speak with him.

"Ay, surely," returned the old man. "I'm thankful to say, much better."

"You will be quite well, soon."

"With Heaven's leave, and a little patience. But come in, come in."

The old man limped on before, and warning her of the downward step, which he achieved himself with no small difficulty, led the way into his little cottage.

"It is but one room you see. There is another up above, but the stair has got harder to climb o' late years, and I never use it. I'm thinking of taking to it again next summer though."

The child wondered how a grey-haired man like him—one of his grade too—could talk of time so easily. He saw her eyes wandering to the tools that hung upon the wall, and smiled.

"I warrant now," he said, "that you think all those are used in making graves."

"Indeed, I wondered that you wanted so many."

"And well you might. I am a gardener. I dig the ground, and plant things that are to live and grow. My works don't all moulder away and rot in the earth. You see that spade in the centre?"

"The very old one—so notched and worn? Yes."

"That's the sexton's spade, and it's a well-used one, as you see. We're healthy people here, but it has done a power of work. If it could speak now, that spade, it would tell you of many an unexpected job that it and I have done together; but I forget 'em, for my memory's a poor one. That's nothing new," he added hastily. "It always was."

"There are flowers and shrubs to speak to your other work," said the child.

"Oh yes. And tall trees. But they are not so separated from the sexton's labors as you think."

"No!"

"Not in my mind, and recollection—such as it is," said the old man. "Indeed they often keep it. For say that I planted such a tree for such a man. There it stands to remind me that he died. When I look at its broad shadow, and remember what it was in his time, it helps me to the age of my other work, and I can tell you pretty nearly when I made his grave."

"But it may remind you of one who is still alive," said the child.

"Of twenty that are dead, in connexion with that one who lives, then," rejoined the old man; "wife, husband, parents, brothers, sisters, children, friends—a score at least. So it happens that the sexton's spade gets worn and battered. I shall need a new one—next summer."

The child looked quickly toward him, thinking that he jested with his age and infirmity; but the unconscious sexton was quite in earnest.

"Ah!" he said, after a brief silence. "People never learn. They never learn. It's only we who turn up the ground, where nothing grows and everything decays, who think of such things as these—who think of them properly, I mean. You have been into the church?"

"I am going there now," the child replied.

"There's an old well there," said the sexton, "right underneath the belfry; a deep, dark, echoing well. Forty years ago, you had only to let down the bucket till the first knot in the rope was free of the windlass, and you heard it splashing in the cold dull water. By little and little the water fell away, so that in ten years after that, a second knot was made, and you must unwind so much rope, or the bucket swung tight and empty at the end. In ten years' time, the water fell again, and a third knot was made. In ten years more the well dried up; and now, if you lower the bucket till your arms are tired and let out nearly all the cord, you'll hear it of a sudden clanking and rattling on the ground below, with a sound of being so deep and so far down, that your heart leaps into your mouth, and you start away as if you were falling in."

"A dreadful place to come on in the dark!" exclaimed the child, who had followed the old man's looks and words until she seemed to stand upon its brink.

"What is it but a grave?" said the sexton. "What else! And which of our old folks, knowing all this thought, as the spring subsided, of their own failing strength, and lessening life? Not one!"

"Are you very old yourself?" asked the child, involuntarily.

"I shall be eighty-five—next summer."

"You still work when you are well?"

"Work! To be sure. You shall see my gardens hereabout. Look at the window there. I made, and have kept, that plot of ground entirely with my own hands. By this time next year I shall hardly see the sky; the boughs will have grown so thick. I have my winter work at night besides."

He opened, as he spoke, a cupboard close to where he sat, and produced some miniature boxes, carved in a homely manner and made of old wood.

"Some gentlefolks who are fond of ancient days, and what belongs to them," he said, "like to buy these keepsakes from our church and ruins. Sometimes I make them of scraps of oak, that turn up here and there; sometimes of bits of coffins, which the vaults have long preserved. See here—this is a little chest of the last kind, clasped at the edges with fragments of brass plates that had writing on 'em once, though it would be hard to read it now. I haven't many by me at this time of year, but these shelves will be full, next summer."

The child admired and praised his work, and shortly afterward departed; thinking as she went how strange it was, that this old man, drawing from his pursuits, and everything around him, one stern moral, never contemplated its application to himself; and, while he dwelt upon the uncertainty of human life, seemed both in word and deed to deem himself immortal. But her musings did not stop here, for she was wise enough to think that by a good and merciful adjustment this must be human nature, and that the old sexton, with his plans for next summer, was but a type of all mankind.

Full of these meditations she reached the church. It was easy to find the key belonging to the outer door, for each was labelled on a scrap of yellow parchment. Its very turning in the lock awoke a hollow sound, and when she entered with a faltering step, the echoes that it raised in closing, made her start.

Everything in our lives, whether of good or evil, affects us most by contrast. If the peace of the simple village had moved the child more strongly, because of the dark and troubled ways that lay beyond and through which she had journeyed with such failing feet, what was the deep impression of finding herself alone in that solemn building; where the very light, coming through sunken windows, seemed old and grey; and the air, redolent of earth and mould, seemed laden with decay purified by time of all its grosser atoms, and sighed through arch and aisle, and clustered pillars, like the breath of ages gone! Here was the broken pavement, worn so long ago by pious feet, that Time, stealing on the pilgrims' steps, had trodden out their track, and left but crumbling stones. Here were the rotten beam, the sinking arch, the sapped and mouldering wall, the lowly trench of earth, the stately tomb on which no epitaph remained,—all,—marble, stone, iron, wood, and dust, one common monument of ruin. The best work and the worst, the plainest and the richest, the stateliest and the least imposing—both of Heaven's work and Man's, all found one common level here, and told one common tale.

Some part of the edifice had been a baronial chapel, and here were effigies of warriors stretched upon their beds of stone with folded hands, cross-legged—those who had fought in the Holy Wars—girded with their swords, and cased in armor as they had lived. Some of these knights had their own weapons, helmets, coats of mail, hanging upon the walls hard by, and dangling from rusty hooks. Broken and dilapidated as they were, they yet retained their ancient form, and something of their ancient aspect. Thus violent deeds live after men upon the earth, and traces of war and bloodshed will survive in mournful shapes, long after those who worked the desolation are but atoms of earth themselves. The child sat down in this old, silent place—the stark figures on the tombs made it more quiet there than elsewhere, to her fancy—and, gazing around with a feeling of awe, tempered with a calm delight felt that now she was happy, and at rest. She took a bible from the shelf, and read; then laying it down, thought of the summer days and the bright spring-time that would come—of the rays of sun that would fall in aslant upon the sleeping forms—of the leaves that would flutter at the window, and play in glistening shadows on the pavement—of the songs of birds, and growth of buds and blossoms out of doors—of the sweet air, that would steal in and gently wave the tattered banners overhead. What if the spot awakened thoughts of death! Die who would, it would still remain the same; these sights and sounds would still go on as happily as ever. It would be no pain to sleep amidst them.

She left the chapel—very slowly and often turning back to gaze again—and coming to a low door, which led into the tower, opened it, and climbed the winding stair in darkness; save where she looked down through narrow loopholes on the place she had left, or caught a glimmering vision of the dusty bells. At length she gained the end of the ascent and stood upon the turret-top.—

Oh! the glory of the sudden burst of light; the freshness of the fields and woods, stretching away on every side and meeting the bright blue sky; the cattle grazing in the pasturage; the smoke, that coming from among the trees, seemed to rise upward from the green earth: the children yet at their gambols down below—all, everything so beautiful and happy. It was like passing from death to life; it was drawing nearer to Heaven. Who will wonder that the child looked round and wept!

The children were gone by the time she emerged into the porch, and locked the door. As she passed the school-house she could hear the busy hum of voices. Her friend had begun his labors only that day. The noise grew louder, and, looking back, she saw the boys come trooping out, and disperse themselves with merry shouts and play. "It's a good thing," thought the child. "I'm very glad they pass the church." And then she stopped, to fancy how the noise would sound inside, and how gently it would seem to die away upon the ear.

Again that day, yes, twice again, she stole back to the old chapel, and in her former seat read from the same book, or indulged the same quiet train of thought. Even when it had grown dusk, and the shadows of coming night made it more solemn still, the child remained like one rooted to the spot, and had no fear or thought of stirring.

They found her here at last, and took her home. She looked pale, but very happy, until they separated for the night; and then as the poor schoolmaster stooped down to kiss her cheek, he felt a tear upon his lips.

CHAPTER THE FIFTY-FOURTH.

The bachelor, among his various occupations, found in the old church a constant source of interest and amusement. Taking that pride in it which men conceive for the wonders of their own little world, he had made its history his study; and many a summer day within its walls, and many a winter's night beside the parsonage fire, had found the bachelor still poring over and adding to his goodly store of tale and legend.

As he was not one of those rough spirits who would strip fair Truth of every little shadowy vestment in which time and teeming fancies love to array her—and some of which become her pleasantly enough, serving, like the waters of her well, to add new graces to the charms they half conceal and half suggest, and to awaken interest and pursuit rather than languor and indifference—as, unlike this stern and obdurate class, he loved to see the goddess crowned with those garlands of wild flowers which tradition weaves for her gentle wearing, and which are often freshest in their homeliest shapes,—he trod with a light step and bore with a light hand upon the dust of centuries, unwilling to demolish any of the airy shrines that had been raised above it, if one good feeling or affection of the human heart were hiding thereabouts. Thus, in the case of an ancient coffin of rough stone, supposed for many generations to contain the bones of a certain baron, who, after ravaging, with cut, and thrust, and plunder, in foreign lands, came back with a penitent and sorrowing heart to die at home, but which had been lately shown by learned antiquaries to be no such thing, as the baron in question (so they contended) had died hard in battle, gnashing his teeth, and cursing with his last breath, the bachelor stoutly maintained that the old tale was the true one; that the baron, repenting him of the evil, had done great charities, and meekly given up the ghost; and that if ever baron went to heaven, that baron was then at peace. In like manner, when the aforesaid antiquaries did argue and contend that a certain secret vault was not the tomb of a grey-haired lady who had been hanged and drawn and quartered by glorious Queen Bess for succouring a wretched priest who fainted of thirst and hunger at her door, the bachelor did solemnly maintain against all comers that the church was hallowed by the said poor lady's ashes; that her remains had been collected in the night from four of the city's gates, and thither in secret brought, and there deposited: and the bachelor did further (being highly excited at such times) deny the glory of Queen Bess, and assert the immeasurably greater glory of the meanest woman in her realm who had a merciful and tender heart. As to the assertion that the flat stone near the door was not the grave of the miser who had disowned his only child and left a sum of money to the church to buy a peal of bells, the bachelor did readily admit the same, and that the place had given birth to no such man. In a word, he would have every stone and plate of brass, the monument only of deeds whose memory should survive. All others he was willing to forget. They might be buried in consecrated ground, but he would have them buried deep, and never brought to light again.

It was from the lips of such a tutor, that the child learnt her easy task. Already impressed, beyond all telling, by the silent building and the peaceful beauty of the spot in which it stood—majestic age surrounded by perpetual youth—it seemed to her when she heard these things, sacred to all goodness and virtue. It was another world, where sin and sorrow never came; a tranquil place of rest, where nothing evil entered.

When the bachelor had given her in connexion with almost every tomb and flat grave-stone some history of its own, he took her down into the old crypt, now a mere dull vault, and showed her how it had been lighted up in the time of the monks, and how, amid lamps depending from the roof, and swinging censers exhaling scented odours, and habits glittering with gold and silver, and pictures, and precious stuffs, and jewels, all flashing and glistening through the low arches, the chaunt of aged voices had been many a time heard there at midnight in old days, while hooded figures knelt and prayed around, and told their rosaries of beads. Thence, he took her above ground again, and showed her, high up in the old walls, small galleries; where the nuns had been wont to glide along—dimly seen in their dark dresses so far off—or to pause like gloomy shadows, listening to the prayers. He showed her, too, how the warriors, whose figures rested on the tombs, had worn those rotting scraps of armour up above—how this had been a helmet, and that a shield, and that a gauntlet—and how they had wielded the great two-handed swords, and beaten down men with yonder mace. All that he told the child she treasured in her mind; and sometimes, when she woke at night from dreams of those old times, and rising from her bed looked out at the dark church, she almost hoped to see the windows lighted up, and hear the organ's swell, and sound of voices on the rushing wind.

The old sexton soon got better, and was about again. From him the child learnt many other things, though of a different kind. He was not able to work, but one day there was a grave to be made, and he came to overlook the man who dug it. He was in a talkative mood; and the child, at first standing by his side, and afterward sitting on the grass at his feet, with her thoughtful face raised toward his, began to converse with him.

Now the man who did the sexton's duty was a little older than he, though much more active. But he was deaf; and when the sexton (who peradventure, on a pinch, might have walked a mile with great difficulty in half-a-dozen hours) exchanged a remark with him about his work, the child could not help noticing that he did so with an impatient kind of pity for his infirmity, as if he were himself the strongest and heartiest man alive.

"I'm sorry to see there is this to do," said the child, when she approached, "I heard of no one having died."

"She lived in another hamlet, my dear," returned the sexton. "Three mile away."

"Was she young?"

"Ye—yes," said the sexton; "not more than sixty-four, I think. David, was she more than sixty-four?"

David, who was digging hard, heard nothing of the question. The sexton, as he could not reach to touch him with his crutch, and was too infirm to rise without assistance, called his attention by throwing a little mould upon his red nightcap.

"What's the matter now?" said David, looking up.

"How old was Becky Morgan?" asked the sexton.

"Becky Morgan?" repeated David.

"Yes," replied the sexton; adding in a half compassionate, half irritable tone, which the old man couldn't hear, "you're getting very deaf, Davy, very deaf to be sure."

The old man stopped in his work, and cleansing his spade with a piece of slate he had by him for the purpose—and scraping off, in the process, the essence of Heaven knows how many Becky Morgans—set himself to consider the subject.

"Let me think," quoth he. "I saw last night what they had put upon the coffin—was it seventy-nine?"

"No, no," said the sexton.

"Ah yes, it was though," returned the old man, with a sigh. "For I remember thinking she was very near our age. Yes, it was seventy-nine."

"Are you sure you didn't mistake a figure, Davy?" asked the sexton, with signs of some emotion.

"What?" said the old man. "Say that again."

"He's very deaf. He's very deaf indeed," cried the sexton, petulantly; "are you sure you're right about the figures?"

Evaleen.

She lay by the side of the mountain stream,
Like a fair wild flowret strown—
For her mind was astray in a fairy dream,
And she lived in the mountains alone.

She had followed her love from her own native land,
Where our villagers never had been;
But the false one had gone with his martial band,
Far, far, from his own Evaleen.

She sat 'neath the shade of the hawthorn tree,
That grew on the hill fair green,
And she heard a voice singing "Come, come, follow me"—
Evaleen—Evaleen—Evaleen.

She followed, she followed, the villagers say,
For she never returned again;
And we anxiously sought her for many a day,
And we called her, but called her in vain.

They say that she lives with the good people still,
And oft 'neath the hawthorn green
The villagers hear her sweet voice in the hill,
And sigh for the lost Evaleen.

Agriculture.

The Culinary Garden.

ON SITUATIONS FIT FOR KITCHEN-GARDENS.

In a great place, the kitchen-garden, considered merely as such, should be so situated as to be convenient, and, at the same time, be concealed from the house. It should be sheltered but should by no means be shaded, or be crowded. If walled round, it should be open and free on all sides, or at least to the south, east, and west, that the walls may be clothed with fruit trees on both sides. Round these walls should be a slip of ground and an outer fence, capable of keeping off cattle. This slip of ground should be at least twenty feet broad, in order to afford a sufficient border for the trees, and a walk; but it may be as much more in breadth as may be necessary to give ground, with that enclosed by walls, for the supply of the family; and it may be enlarged on all sides, or on any particular side, for that purpose.

The exposure should be toward the south, and the aspect at some point between south-east and south-west; the ground sloping to these points in an easy manner. If quite flat, it seldom can be laid sufficiently dry; and if very steep, it is worked under many disadvantages. It may have a fall, however, of a foot in twenty, without being very inconvenient; but a fall of a foot in thirty is most desirable, by which the ground is sufficiently elevated, yet not too much so. If there be no natural stream that can be conducted through it, water should be conveyed from the nearest river, lake, or pond; soft water being most desirable for the use of the garden.

Under other circumstances than the above-mentioned, and even in places of considerable extent, the Kitchen-Garden is often combined with the Shrubbery or Pleasure-Garden, and also planted nearer to the house. There can be no impropriety in this, provided it be kept in good order, and that the walls be screened by shrubbery, from the immediate view of the public rooms. Indeed, it has been found, that there is both comfort and economy in having the various gardens of a place combined, and placed at no great distance from the house. In stepping from the parlor to the shrubbery or flower garden, thence to the orchard, and, lastly, to the culinary garden, there is a gradation both natural and pleasant. With such an arrangement, in cases where the aspect of the ground is answerable, and the surface, perhaps, is considerably varied, few faults will found.

Sometimes we find the kitchen-garden placed immediately in front of the house, which we consider the most awkward situation of any; especially if placed near, and so that it cannot be properly screened by some sort of plantation. Generally speaking, the kitchen-garden should be placed in the rear, or in the flank of the house, by which the lawn may not be broken, and rendered unshapely where it is required to be most complete. The necessary traffic with this garden, if placed in front, is always offensive.

Descending to the consideration of more humble gardens, circumstances are so often arbitrary with respect to their situations, so that they cannot be placed either so as to please, or give satisfaction by their products. These are cases where the kitchen-garden is necessarily thrust into a corner, and perhaps is shaded by buildings, or by tall trees, from the sun and air; where they are placed on steep hangs, in a northern aspect; and in all cases where the subsoil is a till or a cankering gravel, and the site cold and bleak.

Such situations as these are to be avoided, and should be considered among the worst possible. Next are open, unsheltered plains. But even there, if the soil be tolerably good, and the subsoil be not particularly bad, shelter may be reared, so as that in a few years the garden may produce a return for the expense laid out in its improvement.

With respect to the situation of market-gardens, those in the vicinity of great towns must have more regard to soil and to local conveniences, than those at a distance need to have, who can choose, perhaps, a free situation, and a better aspect; such as we find many of the village-gardens, lying on sloping banks, by the sides of streams, that water and render them both pleasant and productive. He who has to pay a high rent should consider well, before putting down and improving a garden, whether the situation be eligible, the distance from town convenient, and such as to enable him to carry his goods to market on a footing with his neighbors.—*Amer. Farmer.*

Juvenile Department.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

Geographical Enigma.

TO THE YOUNG STUDENTS IN GEOGRAPHY.

I am composed of 22 letters.
My 2, 17, 19, 5, 1, 16, 8 is a town in New Jersey.
My 4, 5, 6, 4, 22, 8, 7, is a town in Pennsylvania.
My 11, 9, 4, 2, 7, is a town in New York.
My 3, 22, 13, 12, 4, 20, 13, 8, is a county in Virginia.
My 10, 2, 4, 16, is a county in Ohio.
My 1, 19, 16, 13, is a town in Russia.
My 3, 16, 12, 15, is a town in Ireland.
My 4, 1, 3, 4, 9, 21, is an island in the Ionian Sea.
My 9, 7, 11, 19, 14, 10, is a mountain in Turkey in Asia.
My 21, 18, 20, 3, 4, 8, is a town in Arabia.
My 20, 11, 12, 22, 1, is a town in Hindostan.
My 8, 12, 20, 19, 18, is a river in Europe.
My 15, 7, 14, 22, is a sea in Asia.
My 2, 7, 5, 9, 10, 8, is a city in China.
My 9, 16, 5, 1, 4, 22, is a lake in Asia.
My 10, 9, 7, 3, 18, 4, 9, 12, is an island in the Pacific Ocean.
My 20, 10, 1, 9, 18, is a town in Loango.
My 9, 17, 8, 4, 20, is a city in Tunis.
My 9, 2, 3, 18, 6, is a lake in Africa.
My 1, 22, 20, 9, is a cape in Asia.
My 4, 9, 22, is a town in South America.
My 9, 4, 16, 1, 18, is a river in South America.
My 2, 13, 16, 21, 22, is a river in North America.
My 3, 14, 6, 20, 10, 9, 22, is a bay in North America.
My 13, 5, 4, 13, 8, is a river in the United States.
My 2, 16, 6, is a cape in North America.
My 22, 5, 9, is a cape in Massachusetts.
My 12, 3, 19, is an island in the bay of Biscay.
My 8, 4, 2, 18, is town in Italy.
My whole is the name of a town in Asia. An answer is requested.
M. H. C.

WORM LOZENGES

SHERMAN'S WORM LOZENGES, are the greatest discovery ever made for dispelling the various kinds of worms, that so frequently and distressingly annoy both children and adults. They are an infallible remedy, and so pleasant to the taste that children will take them as readily as a common peppermint Lozenge.

Benj. F. Goodspeed, 178 Sixth Avenue, has always cured his children of worms, by Sherman's Lozenges. He would not be without them in his house on any account.

The Rev. Jabez Townsend's girl, nine years old, was given up as incurable, by two physicians. She was fast wasting away, and was so miserable, that death was alone looked to for relief. Three doses of Sherman's Worm Lozenges entirely cured her.

Dr. Sherman, one of the most distinguished physicians in this country, says, Sherman's Worm Lozenges are the safest and best article he knows of for destroying worms.

Dr. Hanson, another celebrated physician, uses no other worm medicine in his practice.

Dr. Castle, 297 Broadway, has used Sherman's Lozenges in his practice, for more than two years,—and never knew them to fail.

Hon. B. B. Beardsley, Col. L. Clark, Joseph Haines, Esq., Prudence Bingham, and the thousands who have used these Lozenges, can fully attest to their great and wonderful virtues.

More than 200 certificates might be added of their truly wonderful properties.

Price, 25 cents per box.

NERVOUS HEADACHE CURED IN FIVE TO TEN MINUTES, BY SHERMAN'S CAMPHOR LOZENGES.—These are a very pleasant, agreeable and efficacious article; an unfailing remedy for *lowness of spirits*, *nervous or sick headache*, *inflammatory or putrid sore throat*, as well as all other complaints where the camphor is recommended.

SHERMAN'S POOR MAN'S PLASTER.
1,000,000 sold yearly, and only 12½ cents each.

COUGH LOZENGES

SHERMAN'S COUGH LOZENGES are the safest, most sure and effectual remedy for Coughs, Colds, CONSUMPTION, Whooping Cough, Asthma, Tightness of the Lungs or Chest, &c. &c. The proprietor has never known an instance where they did not give perfect satisfaction.

The Rev. James Kent had suffered with a distressing cough, pain in his right side, night sweats, and all the usual symptoms of consumption. He tried many popular remedies, but all in vain. He consulted some of our most distinguished physicians, and they told him he had the consumption and must prepare to die, as he could not be cured. A friend advised him him to try Dr. Sherman's Cough Lozenges, as they had cured several that had been given up. He did so, and to the unspeakable joy of all his friends, he immediately began to grow better, and before he had taken four boxes, was entirely cured; and he is now again, through divine blessing, permitted to minister to his loving flock.

James Grant, No. 4 Ann street, cured of a most distressing cough in one day by a few doses of Sherman's Cough Lozenges.

Mr. R. D. Kemp, of Newbury, was cured of consumption, by three boxes of Sherman's Cough Lozenges, after suffering three years, and trying several doctors, and every thing he heard of. Through the blessing of God he owes his life to them.

Mrs. Jenkins was given up as incurable, and expected daily to breathe her last. She was cured in a few weeks by these celebrated Lozenges.

The Rev. Dr. Eastwood has used them in his family, he has also several members of his church, and he says no cough medicine ever was half so efficacious.

Dr. Allen, a distinguished physician of this city, says he has used Sherman's Lozenges in his practice, in a great many cases, and they always proved effectual. He has always been able to cure the most distressing cases of recent standing in one or two days.

Price 25 and 37½ cents per box. Sherman's wholesale and retail Lozenge Warehouse No 90 North 6th street.

PETERS PILLS

THE wonderful cures effected by this medicine are the all-engrossing subjects of the day. Go where you will and you hear of nothing but Mr. Such-a-One has been cured by Dr. Peters's Vegetable Pills, or, you know Miss So-and-So was at the point of death, but she has been cured by Dr. Peters's Pills; or, are you not glad that Miss —— has been restored to health by Dr. Peters's wonderful medicine.

Really this medicine must be very good, or it could not cure so many. It is good. For many years it has passed on in the "even silent tenor of its way," curing hundreds of persons who were wrangling with death. But now its onward course is impetuous.

It is as impossible to stay the demand for this medicine, as to hush the rushing wind.

A life medicine that will procrastinate death for years; shall it not enter every house? Shall it not be used by every individual? Let no man say I do not want it. You know not what to-morrow may bring forth. All should use this remedy, and remember that health is the first blessing from God.

PETERS'S VEGETABLE PILLS

Are anti-bilious, anti-dyspeptic, and anti-mercurial, and may be justly considered a Universal Medicine, but they are peculiarly beneficial in the following complaints:—Yellow and Bilious Fevers, Fever and Ague, Dyspepsia, Croup, Liver Complaints, Sick Headache, Jaundice, Asthma, Dropsy, Rheumatism, Enlargement of the Spleen, Piles, Colic, Female Obstructions, Heart Burn, Furred Tongue, Nausea, Distension of the Stomach and Bowels, Incipient Diarrhoea, Flatulence, Habitual Costiveness, Loss of Appetite, Blotched or Sallow Complexion, and in all cases of Torpor of the Bowels, where a Cathartic or an Aperient is needed. They are exceedingly mild in their operations, producing neither nausea, griping nor debility.

Price 25 and 50 cents per box.

Dr. Peter's Principal office, No. 90 North Sixth street, Philadelphia. jan 9 6m

DO ANY YET DOUBT THE VALUE OF JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT? Let them read the following letter from one who has no interest in its sale.

Philadelphia, December, 1837.

To Dr. Jayne—Dear Sir—The astonishing and almost miraculous beneficial effects your valuable EXPECTORANT had on my neighbor the Rev. Dr. Rusling, made so favorable an impression on my mind, that after consulting with several friends, and learning that you were a *regular Practitioner of Medicine*, I called upon you, and purchased half a dozen bottles, and told you that if I lived to take them, you should have a good report from me.

I am alive and well this day! Thanks be to a merciful God, and your Expectorant, and now I come forward cheerfully to fulfil my promise.

For twenty long years had I been a constant sufferer from the effects of a hard, dry cough, pain in my breast, and difficulty of breathing; the last five of which chills and fevers, every spring and fall, were added to my misery. I was worn away to a mere skeleton, with the greatest difficulty only could I get up and down stairs; my appetite was gone, and my strength had so far failed me, that my friends were persuaded I could not survive many weeks, unless I obtained relief. Indeed, sir, my situation was so perfectly miserable to myself, and so distressing to my family, that I felt willing to die, whenever it should please the Master to take me home. But I heard of your medicine, and relief came. Yes! it proved the "Balm of Gilead" to my poor afflicted body. Before I had taken ONE BOTTLE, I experienced a mitigation of all my symptoms, and to my great joy I found in the continued use of it the happiest relief. In short, sir, IT HAS MADE A PERFECT CURE OF ME—and I can truly say, I have no desire to be better.

Now I consider it a duty I owe you and through you, the pub ic to make my case known, believing that it will be the means of directing hundreds who are afflicted, as I have been, to the use of a remedy, which, under the blessing of God, I consider to have PRESERVED MY LIFE.

You are at liberty, sir, to make use of this letter to your advantage, and make my case as extensively known as you please. If there be any who doubt the truth of the above account, refer them to me. I shall be happy to see them and will not only confirm the above statements, but will give those particulars which it would be unnecessary to furnish for the public press. With everlasting gratitude, I am, dear sir, your obliged friend.

MARY GILL,
No. 78 Tamany street, above Fourth.

Prepared and sold at No. 20 South THIRD street, Philadelphia. Price $1 00. nov 21—3m

DOCTOR JAYNE'S FAMILY MEDICINES.—These medicines are recommended and extensively used by the most intelligent persons in the United States, by numerous *Professors* and *Presidents of Colleges*, *Physicians of the Army and Navy*, and of *Hospitals and Alms-houses*, and by more than three hundred Clergymen of various denominations.

They are expressly prepared for family use, and have acquired an unprecedented popularity throughout the United States; and as they are so admirably calculated to preserve HEALTH and cure DISEASE, no family should ever be without them. The proprietor of these valuable preparations received his education at one of the best Medical Colleges in the United States, and has had fifteen years experience in an extensive and diversified practice by which he has had ample opportunities of acquiring a practical knowledge of diseases, and of the remedies best calculated to remove them.

These Preparations consist of

JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT, a valuable remedy for COUGH, COLDS, CONSUMPTION, ASTHMA, SPITTING OF BLOOD, CROUP, HOOPING COUGH, BRONCHITIS, PLEURISY and Inflammation of the Lungs or Throat, Difficulty of Breathing, and all diseases of the PULMONARY ORGANS. Price $1.

Also JAYNE'S HAIR TONIC for the PRESERVATION, GROWTH and BEAUTY of the HAIR, and which will positively bring NEW HAIR on BALD HEADS and prevent its falling off or turning GREY. Price $1.

JAYNE'S TONIC VERMIFUGE. A pleasant, safe, and certain preparation for the removal of WORMS, DYSPEPSIA, SOUR STOMACH, FEVER AND AGUE, WANT OF APPETITE, and all diseases of debility especially of the STOMACH AND BOWELS, and ORGANS OF DIGESTION. Price 50 cents.

JAYNE'S CARMINATIVE BALSAM, a certain cure for BOWEL AND SUMMER COMPLAINTS, DIARRHOEA, DYSENTERY, CHOLIC, CRAMPS, SICK HEADACHE, SOUR STOMACH, CHOLERA MORBUS, and all derangements of the STOMACH and BOWELS, NERVOUS AFFECTIONS, &c. Price 50 cents.

JAYNE'S SANATIVE PILLS, for FEMALE DISEASES, LIVER COMPLAINTS, COSTIVENESS, FEVERS, INFLAMMATIONS, OBSTRUCTIONS, DISEASES of the SKIN, &c. and in all cases where an appointed Alternative or Purgative Medicine is required. Price 25 cents.

Prepared only by Doct. D. Jayne, No 20 South 3d street, Philadelphia, and may be had of Agents in nearly every Town and City in the United States.

The following list comprises a portion only, of the more important AGENCIES, viz: Jayne & Pancoast, No. 13 Main street, St. Louis, are General Agents for Arkansas, Missouri, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, and Wisconsin; John W. Sheppard, No. 123 Main street, Cincinnati; Helmich & Botts, Putnam, (O.); James George & Co. Louisville; Mathews & Norton, Lexington, Ky.; C. A. Brenet, Nashville; J. H. Ewen, Columbia; and Dr. J. Marrow, Knoxville, Tenn.; Fox & Brazier Natchez; Sickles & Co. N. Orleans; Thompson & Sureeve, Mobile; W. K. Hitchen, Augusta; T. M. & J. M. Turner, Savannah, Geo.; Williams, Haywood & Co. Raleigh; Dr. W. Ware, Wilmington, N. C.; P. M. Cohen & Co. Charleston, and P. Ogier, Columbia, S. C.; S. F. Todd, Washington City; Santos & Toy, Norfolk; Lyell, Johnson & Lyell, Richmond; J. Crumbacker, Wheeling; Dr. J. Cooke, Fredericksburg; J. F. Patterson, Staunton; D. Lyman, Lynchburg & Dewey, Roper & Jones, Petersburg, Va.; G. L. Duhurst & Co. Pratt street Baltimore—A. Jaynes, Pittsburg, wholesale agent; Martin Lutz, Harrisburg; J. F. Long, Lancaster; G. W. Ungley, Reading, Pa.; John Rickey, Trenton; C. W. Badger, Newark; A. F. Randolph, New Brunswick, and S. Broadwell, Patterson, N. J.; A. B. & D. Sands, No. 79 Fulton street, New York city, wholesale agents; S. Van Schaack, Albany; P. L. Barker, Troy; J. E. Warner, Utica; J. J. Foote, Hamilton; Henry Scranton, Rochester; E. L. Underhill, Bath; A. Hemurp, Geneva; Holeman & Co. Buffalo, and H. C. Frisby, Fredonia, N. Y.; E. W. Bull, Hartford, Connecticut; J. A. Wadsworth, Providence, R. I.; D. F. Bradlee, Boston; Bryant, Stan & Co. Springfield, Massachusetts; W. W. Lincoln, Portland; E. & W. F. Hallett, Augusta; H. P. Pratt, Norridgewock; Smith & Fenno, Bangor, and J. Buckford Eastport, Maine. sep 5—6m

CLOCK ESTABLISHMENT.—Smith & Brothers, 71 Bowery, New York manufacturers and dealers in clocks of every description, respectfully inform dealers, that they are prepared to furnish a superior article of CLOCKS, Time Pieces, and Regulators at their establishment in N. York, or at H. M. Richard's wholesale Jewellery store No. 9 North Sixth street, Philadelphia, where an extensive assortment of all kinds will be kept for sale at the lowest factory prices. The assortment consists of Eight Day Brass and Wood Clocks, Thirty Hour do. of various styles and prices, also Alarm Clocks and Time Pieces, Watch Makers Regulators, Gallery, Bank and Office Clocks, and Time Pieces, also Church Steeple or Town Clocks to very one or four pair of hands, and strike the hour from 200 to 600 dollars. mar 21—1y*

LEATHER STORE, No. 67 Chesnut street, between 2d and 3d street. The Subscribers have constantly on hand all kinds of FINISHED LEATHER, at wholesale and retail, suitable for boot and shoe makers, saddlers, harness, and coach makers, book binders, hatters &c. &c.
mar 7—1y CHAMBERS & HENDRY.

DEAFNESS.—Taylor's Gutta Vegetabilis.—An Infallible Remedy for Deafness.—The great success which has attended the application of this valuable remedy in some hundred cases in the Westminster Dispensary (for disease of the Eye and Ear) for which Letters Patent have been obtained by M. Taylor, M. D. from the English Government, and the sanction it has received from the Royal Academy of Medicine in Paris, as well as from the following Medical gentlemen, Mr. Abernethy—Sir Astly Cooper—Drs. Ruston, Curtis, Drake, and L. Segalais, Aurist, &c. and other Aurists and Surgeons, inferior to none, in Medical Science, who have used and recommended it.

The fame of the Gutta Vegetabilis, throughout France and Germany, caused its speedy introduction into almost every country in Europe, and addresses were presented to Dr. Taylor from all parts, congratulatory of the circumstance. The avidity with which the Gutta Vegetabilis was continually applied, can be attested by many thousands. Since the Revolution of 1830, their Majesties, Louis Philippe, King of the French, and Leopold, King of the Belgians, conferred on Dr. Taylor the title of Honorary Aurist to their Majesties, as a recompense for the many restored to hearing or otherwise cured by the application of his long tried Gutta Vegetabilis. These proofs of royal favor will, he hopes, be sufficient to encourage all who are afflicted with deafness, arising from any cause, to apply his remedy.

The Gutta Vegetabilis (or Infallible Remedy) needs no labored description, such is its worth, and so highly is it valued by those who have experienced its wonderful effects, will do more to recommend and insure it the support of the Profession and the Public generally, than any thing the proprietor can say in its favor, and by particular request he has published the following extraordinary cases.

Miss S. A. NORTON, of Mile End Road, was many years afflicted with deafness, after trying every thing she could hear of, and her physician could prescribe, one bottle of Taylor's Gutta Vegetabilis relieved her considerably, and before she used the third bottle, she was perfectly restored to the sense of her hearing.

THOMAS HORNBY, 46 Farrington street, who was a Lieutenant in the 48 Regiment, was struck deaf on the plains of Waterloo, and had remained so ever since. After the use of one bottle of Gutta Vegetabilis, was perfectly cured.

Mrs. GREEN, of Camberwell, who had been fourteen years deprived of the sense of hearing, was quite cured by using six bottles.

To the aged who are most commonly afflicted with deafness, this preparation will indeed prove a blessing, as it has so frequently cured the worst of cases when no hope of recovery had been anticipated or derived from other means.

To those afflicted with deafness arising from cold this preparation must prove invaluable, and will restore them to hearing in nine cases out of ten.

The Gutta Vegetabilis is prepared in strict accordance with scientific principles, apart from all Empiricism, and it will be found on trial to carry its own recommendation with it, in the happy effects it produces by restoring those to hearing who have been so unfortunate as to be deprived of that sense for many years.

Caution to the Public.—To prevent being imposed upon, ask well to the Certificates of the Proprietor and Inventor.

This is to certify, that I have appointed Dr. William Young, Philadelphia, my only agent in the U. States to dispose of that valuable Medicine, called TAYLOR'S GUTTA VEGETABILIS, with full power to appoint agents where he may think proper, and as the great demand may induce persons to fabricate the medicine to the injury of the public, I have thought proper to accompany the bill of directions round each bottle with my name signed in my own hand writing, and the more effectually to detect counterfeits, the public will observe the Seal of my agent on the outside of every bottle, to counterfeit which is felony.

Signed at my office, 20 Charles street, Bloomsbury, London, and sold by Dr. William Young, at his Infirmary for disease of the Skin, Eye and Ear, 152 Spruce Street, between Fourth and Fifth, Philadelphia.

N. B. Persons at a distance, can have the Medicine sent to any part of the United States, from Dr. Young, Letters (post paid,) enclosing Five Dollars, answered by return, and the Medicine punctually transmitted to any address. Dec 5—1y

COUGHS, ASTHMA, SPITTING of BLOOD, &c. cured by JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT.
From Atkinson's Philadelphia Evening Post.
Philadelphia, Aug. 18, 1836.

Mr. Atkinson—Dear Sir: A few weeks ago I noticed in your paper an account of the surprising effects of Jayne's Carminative, in restoring a great number of passengers on board of a Mississippi steamboat to perfect health, who were affected by a violent Bowel Complaint. I was glad to see you notice it so kindly; you may rest assured it deserved the praise bestowed upon it. The benefit I have received from his medicines, more especially his Expectorant, induces me to state my case to you for the benefit of those who are afflicted in the same way. It has been my misfortune, sir, to labor under a Cough or Asthmatical oppression for more than half a century. When a soldier in the American camp in 1780, I, with many others, (owing to great exposure,) had a violent attack of disease of the lungs, by which I was disabled from duty for a long time. Since that period until recently, I have never been free from a violent cough and difficulty of breathing. Year after year I have expectorated over a gill a day, often much more, and sometimes mixed with blood. For months together, night after night, I have had to sit, or be bolstered up, to obtain my breath. The weakness or debility caused by such constant expectoration, frequently brought me to a state bordering on death. It has been a matter of astonishment to my family and friends that I am here to write this to you. I have had skilful physicians to attend me, and every thing done that was thought likely to give me relief, without any beneficial effect. Last winter I had another very severe attack of Inflammation of the Lungs, which I fully expected would be the last. I then considered my case as past the aid of medicine, when I was persuaded to call in Doctor Jayne. With the assistance of Divine Providence, through him I was once more raised from my bed; but the cough and wheezing worried me day and night. He advised me to use his Expectorant. I did so, with a strong hope that as it had cured many of my acquaintances of various diseases of the lungs, it might at least mitigate my sufferings. Need I say how gratified I feel? *It has effectually cured me.* As soon as I commenced taking it I found it reached my case, and I began to breathe with more freedom. My expectoration became easy, and my cough entirely left me. I now feel as well as I ever did in my life, and better than I have for the last sixty years. Last summer I spit a good deal of blood; now, thank God, I am perfectly cured. Now, sir, after suffering so long, and finding at last such signal relief from Dr. Jayne's Expectorant, I feel anxious to inform my fellow citizens where relief may be had. If you think this worthy of a place in your paper, you will oblige me by noticing it.

NICHOLAS HARRIS, Sen. 23 Lombard st.

Mr. Harris has long been a worthy member, (we believe a deacon) of the First Baptist Church in this city, and implicit confidence may be placed in his assertions.—*Editor of the Post.*

Persons are invited to call and see him, and satisfy themselves.

The above valuable medicine may be had, wholesale and retail, of Dr. D. Jayne, No. 20 South Third st. Philadelphia. Price $1,00. jan 2 3m

WORMS! Worms! Worms! Jayne's Tonic VERMIFUGE.—This Vermifuge is perfectly safe and so pleasant that children will not refuse to take it. It effectually destroys WORMS, neutralizes acidity or sourness of the stomach, increases the appetite, and acts as a general and permanent Tonic, and is therefore exceedingly beneficial in Intermittent and Remittent Fevers, Indigestion, &c. and is almost a certain cure for FEVER and AGUE, and what is of more importance, it does it permanently.

It not only destroys Worms, and invigorates the whole system, but it dissolves and carries off the superabundant slime or mucus, so prevalent in the stomach and bowels of children, more especially of those in bad health. This mucus forms the bed, or nest, in which worms produce their young; and by removing it—it is impossible for worms to remain in the body.

It is harmless in its effects on the system, and the health of the patient is *always improved* by its use, even when no Worms are discovered. Numerous certificates of its usefulness have been received, which the proprietor does not consider necessary to publish.

Josiah Thompson, near Salem, N. J. administered this Vermifuge to a child between two and three years old, and says that in a few days she discharged *one hundred and thirty seven large Worms*.

Mr. Joseph A. Lentz, of the Penn Township Savings Institution, in this city, gave it to one of his children, and says that after the sixth dose it brought away about *fifty Worms* at once, five and six inches long.

Mr. Ferdinand Woodruff used two bottles of this Vermifuge for DYSPEPSIA, and in the course of two weeks, discharged upward of thirty pieces of TAPE WORM and was thereby perfectly cured.

Another gentleman of this city had it administered to his little daughter about three years old when she had a number of discharges from her bowels, composed entirely of *little white thread Worms*. He says they came away from her, not only by hundreds, but I may truly say by *thousands*, separately and in solid knots as balls as hickory nuts, composed entirely of dead worms.

SICK HEADACHE.—Many ladies and gentlemen have found this Vermifuge to be a permanent cure for Sick Headache.

PILES.—Numerous cases of Piles have been perfectly cured by the use of this valuable Vermifuge.

Finally, what the public have long desired, a medicine of this kind, which might be depended upon (prepared by a regular physician,) is now offered to them, and can be had of Dr. JAYNE, No. 20 South THIRD street, Philadelphia, and of all persons who sell his Expectorant and Carminative Balsam, Price 50 cents. dec 5 6m

JUST PUBLISHED—POCKET ÆSCULAPIUS, or EVERY ONE HIS OWN PHYSICIAN. Being practical observations on diseases of the Generative System, with a concise Anatomical Review of its Organs, and a Physiological account of their functions, together with remarks on the more probable cause of local and general debility; with many interesting observations and remarks occurring in a most extensive practice. To which is added

A Practical Treatise on Diseases of the Skin, by William Young, M. D. Member of the Philadelphia Medical Society, &c. &c. published by the author, and sold at No. 152 Spruce street between 4th and 5th, Philadelphia, and booksellers generally.

"This little important Treatise is replete with practical and scientific information; we can conscientiously recommend its serious perusal to those who suffer from the maladies on which it treats. Such a work as Dr. Young's has long been a desideratum with a numerous class of patients, to whom its easy and popular style will not fail to recommend itself, and we venture to predict that this very judicious and well timed Surgical Essay will, ere long, become a manual in the hands of the afflicted."—*Reporter.*

"A comprehensive exposition of the nature and treatment of all diseases of the generative system, whether the result of contagion, hereditary causes, or the wear and tear of human life, from the simplest artificial disturbance to the severe state of local debility and irritation, whereby the invalid may conduct his case, without the knowledge of his most intimate friend.

MARRIAGE. Also by the same Author. On Marriage.—Its intent, obligations, and Physical and constitutional disqualifications, Medically considered, with an Exposition of the Structure and purposes of the Reproductive System, the hereditary transmission of qualities, and the accidents and infirmities incident to Youth, Maturity and Old Age.

The subjects are illustrated by a variety of highly interesting cases and diagrams.

TO FEMALES. FEMALES VADE MECUM. Also by the same.—A Non medical Analysis of the Complaints incidental to Females, in which are offered some important admonitions on the peculiar debilities attending their circumstances sympathies, and formation, illustrated by cases. Intended for the use of females only, and addressed to the youth and maturity of that sex.

Stultorum incurata pudor malus ulcera celat.—Hor.

The silly modesty of the foolish conceals an incurable ulcer.

☞ Persons at a distance can have either of these publications sent to any part of the United States, Canadas West Indies, &c. by enclosing a one dollar note on any solvent bank, or eight copies for five dollars, addressed

sep 26 1y Dr. WM. YOUNG, Philadelphia

SILVER PLATE, SPOON AND FORK MANUFACTORY, South West corner of Fifth and Cherry streets. The subscribers have constantly on hand, a handsome assortment of SILVER Plate, Spoons, Forks, and every article belonging to the silversmith business or manufactured to order in the neatest and best manner, or to match any pattern given, at the lowest manufactured prices.

Persons who wish to purchase, are requested to call at their manufactory, where they will find work not surpassed in the city, for neatness, taste and durability.

☞ A supply of the best Sheffield and Birmingham Plated Ware, of their own importing, kept constantly on hand and made expressly to their order.

nov 1 '39—tf R. & W. WILSON

JOSEPH SWARTZ'S Carpet Manufactory, No. 319 North Third street, next door to the Commissioners' Hall, Philadelphia. Where fashionable CARPETS are wove of different patterns, in the handsomest style. Also Ingrain and Venetian Carpets of different patterns for sale. He also keeps on hand a large assortment of ready made Carpets, which he will sell, wholesale and retail, at the most reasonable prices. These carpets can be recommended to all parts of the United States.

N. B.—The advertiser has received a Silver Medal from the Franklin Institute for Manufacturing Carpeting of superior quality. oct 17 1y